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43. 397.

THE

ODES OF HORACE.

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

THE

ODES OF HORACE,

TRANSLATED BY

JOHN SCRIVEN.

"Reddidi carmen . . . . . .
Vatis Horati."

Book iv. Ode 6.

LONDON:
WILLIAM PICKERING,
177. PICCADILLY.
1843.

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DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA

TO

THE MOST NOBLE

THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON,

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY,

&c. &c. &c.

My Lord,

Allow me to express my grateful acknowledgments for Your Lordship's kindness in permitting me to dedicate to you the following translations; since it would, indeed, have been a subject of much regret had my little Horace gone forth into the world un-

sheltered and unadorned by the "præsidium et dulce decus" of an influential and accomplished Mæcenas.

My chief aim has been to render the odes into English as *literally* as the laws of rhythm would allow; and, with this view, I have generally adopted a metre, which has been not inaptly termed "the fatal facility of the octo-syllabic verse:" Your Lordship will therefore, I hope, look more frequently for the translator than the poet:

> "A perfect judge will read each work of wit
> With the same spirit that its author writ."

I have for the most part followed the text of Gesner, and in many of the obscure passages I have consulted the notes of M. Dacier: still, I am quite aware that severity may discover

some inaccuracies in the translations, and many defects in the construction of the verse; I trust, however, that, from Your Lordship at least, I may anticipate a lenient and indulgent criticism, since, to borrow the language of a modern French writer, — "Un auteur qui vous dédie son livre vous dispose à l'indulgence; vous regardez à deux fois avant d'en faire des papillotes."

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient

humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Drayton Green, Middlesex,
July 20. 1843.

ERRATA.

Page 14. line 8. for "sharpen'd" read "close-par'd.
23. line 10. for "Nor" read "No."
114. line 5. for "out by" read "by our."
166. line 4. for "when" read "where."
182. line 3. read "Nor pine nor parsley crown shall claim."

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THE

ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS, royally allied,
—At once my patron and my pride—
There are, whose rapid chariot wheel
Delights the Olympic dust to steal:
The goal those glowing circles shun,
And victory's palm—so nobly won—
Raise to the immortal gods the soul,
The gods who heaven and earth control!

"One seeks — of three-fold honours proud —
The favour of Rome's fickle crowd;
Another in his stores would hide
Whate'er the Libyan barns provide;
A third, who ploughs the ancestral plain,
Attalus' wealth would tempt in vain
Upon Myrtoan waves to float,
—A sailor, scared, in Cyprian boat. —
The merchant, dreading Afric's breeze,
While struggling with Icarian seas,
Though lauding then the leisure sweet
Of his own rural town's retreat,
His shatter'd bark will soon repair,
—Want's pinching straits untaught to bear. —
This man the ancient Massic pours,
And cheats the lingering noontide hours,
Where Arbutus her shade supplies,
And founts of sacred waters rise.
Some love the camp, and martial state,
Trumpets, and wars — the mothers' hate.

In the cold air the huntsman's life,
— Unmindful of his tender wife, —
When flies the stag the hounds before,
Or bursts through toils the Marsian boar.

May ivy — learning's prize — be mine,
And raise me to the gods divine;
And shadowy groves exclude the throng
Where Satyrs dance the nymphs among;
If still resound Euterpe's strains,
Nor Polyhymnia's hand disdains,
— Unkind — the Lesbian harp to grace:
But if your poet's name you place
With lyric bards, my head on high
Shall proudly strike the starry sky.

ODE II.

TO AUGUSTUS.

ENOUGH of grievous hail and snow
Has Jove now pour'd on earth below,
Whose red right-hand our town appals,
And shakes the temple's towering walls.

Trembles the world lest Pyrrha's reign
Rise, of new monsters to complain;
When Proteus' herds, on deluge-tide,
Gamboll'd upon the mountain side;

When fish on highest elms were seen,
Clinging where recent doves had been;
And timid antlers — swimming — fled,
The waters bubbling o'er the head.

We've seen the Tiber's yellow tide
Rush — furious — from the Tuscan side,
Towards Numa's royal buildings flow,
And Vesta's temple overthrow.

The uxorious stream — with rapid wave —
Avenges thus his Ilia's grave;
And — spite of Jove — his current pours,
Fierce eddying to the Latian shores.

Our youth — from parents' crimes how few! —
Shall Romans' sharpen'd falchions view,
— Design'd to quell the Parthian's rage —
In discord's civil strife engage.

What god shall now the people's prayers
Call to the ruin'd state's affairs?
What hymn the sacred virgins raise
To Vesta — heedless of our lays?

To whom shall Jove assign the fate
The crimes of Rome to expiate?
Prophetic Phœbus, come, we pray,
Enrob'd in clouds — thy bright array! —

Or, Venus, with thy rosy smile,
Whom Mirth and Love attend the while;
Or thou—our founder — turn thy face
On thy neglected sons and race,

Tir'd with thy sport—too long, alas!—
Whom shouts delight, and helms of brass,
And Moorish soldiery, whose eyes
Gloat on the foeman, as he dies:

Or if, fair Maia's son, thy wing,
And alter'd form a youth should bring,
Content on earth with mortal fame,
— Cæsar's avenger for thy name, —

Oh! late be thy return to heaven!
Long to thy Roman people given!
Nor swifter breeze to other climes
Transport thee—sooner for our crimes!

Our triumphs still—oh! still inspire,
Hail'd as our sovereign and our sire!
Nor need we dread the incursive Medes,
While Cæsar's arm our warfare leads.

ODE III.

TO THE SHIP IN WHICH VIRGIL SAILED TO ATHENS.

So may the queen of Cyprus' isle,
So Helen's radiant brothers smile,
So Æolus waft thee o'er the seas,
With soft Iapyx' favouring breeze,
As thou, my ship, shalt safely land
Our Virgil on the Attic strand,

And o'er the waves securely bear
Half of my soul—thy precious care!

Stout oak, I ween, and triple fold
Of brass begirt his bosom bold,
Who, first, his fragile vessel gave
To sail upon the ruthless wave;
Where Africus, in riot-rage,
And stormy Aquilo engage;
Nor fear'd the mournful Hyades,
Nor angry Notus' boisterous breeze,
Than whom no greater power presides,
To lash or lull the Adrian tides.

What form of death could terrify
The man, who view'd, with tearless eye,
Sea-monsters huge — the tempest's shocks—
Acroceraunia's ill-famed rocks?
The prudent deity in vain
The earth dissevers from the main,

If still our vessels — impious — leap
The bounds of the forbidden deep.

Bold to endure, the human race
Rushes through crime, with reckless pace:
Who boasts Iäpetus his sire
Brought down to earth the stolen fire;
Which impious theft from domes divine
Hosts of new fevers, and decline
Aveng'd on earth; and tardy fate
Sped onwards at a swifter rate.
Dædalus tried the vacant heaven,
On pennons not to mortals given;
Hell yielded to Alcides' might;
No task can mortal man affright!
At heaven itself we strike the blow;
Nor do our impious crimes allow
Great Jove — incens'd at human pride —
To lay his fiery bolts aside.

ODE IV.

TO SESTIUS.

WINTER severe departs; — the new-born spring,
And zephyrs mild their grateful contrast bring:
The cable hauls the vessel from the shore,
And now the cattle seek their stalls no more;
No more the ploughman's cheerful fires delight,
Nor shine the meadows, with the hoar-frost white.
Now Cytherean Venus leads the dance,
And Nymphs and Graces by the moon advance;
With comely feet they beat the ground by turns,
While Cyclops' forge with ardent Vulcan burns.
Now with green myrtle bind the shining hair,
And wreathe the flowers the teeming meadows bear.
Now crown the votive lamb, or tender kid,
As Faunus from his shadowy grove shall bid.
Pale death, with equal foot, is wont to beat
The peasant's cottage, and the prince's seat.

O happy Sestius!—life's contracted day
Of lengthen'd hope excludes the distant ray;
Thee soon dark night—with Manes' fabled train—
And Pluto's gloomy mansion, shall restrain;
Where—once arrived—no longer shalt thou know
The wine's dominion by the dice's throw;
No longer tender Lycidas admire,
Whom maids shall soon—as now our youths desire.

ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

WHAT graceful youth, where roses bloom,
—Besprinkled o'er with rich perfume—
Engages thee in pleasant grot?
Say, Pyrrha, say for whom the knot
To which those golden locks you braid,
In nature's simple loveliness array'd?

Alas! how oft will he deplore
Faith, and the gods — the same no more!
Whose inexperience — wondering — eyes
The stormy waves, and blacken'd skies;
Who clasps thee — credulous to find
A treasure ever free and ever kind,

Nor dreams of the inconstant breeze.
Ah, hapless! whom — untried — you please!
The sacred wall — the sea-god's care —
Shows, by a votive tablet there,
My dripping vest suspended high
—An offering to the ocean-deity!

ODE VI.

TO AGRIPPA.

VARIUS thy courage shall recite,
In stanzas of Mœonian flight;
How conquer'd foes by sea and land
Fled from Agrippa's warlike band.
But heights like these affright my lyre;
Pelides' bold, unbending ire—
Ulysses' weary route to trace
Through seas—and Pelops' cruel race;—
Whilst modesty would fain refuse,
And Rome's unwarlike lyric Muse,
Great Cæsar's, and Agrippa's praise
To lessen by unworthy lays.

Who, who shall warlike Mars express,
Enrobed in adamantine dress?
Who Merion — dark charioteer —
Whom Trojan mud and dust besmear?
Or Diomed, by Minerva's aid,
Equal to heaven's immortals made?

We banquets sing, and virgin-fights
With sharpen'd nails, 'gainst youthful knights;
— Our hearts inflam'd, or fancy-free —
With all our wonted levity.

ODE VII.

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Some Mitylene praise, or Rhodes' renown,
Some Ephesus, or Corinth's isthmus-town;
Lyæan Thebes, Apollo's Delphian fane,
Or flowery Tempe's sweet Thessalian plain.

Some tune the untiring string, through endless
hours,
To spotless Pallas, and her favourite towers;
Entwining still the olive's graceful bough;
— Minerva's chaplet, for her votary's brow! —
While many a bard in Juno's praise has told
Of Argos' horses, and Mycenæ's gold.
For me, nor Lacedæmon's patient toil,
Nor yet Larissa's soft, luxuriant soil,
Equals the Albunean villa's echoing sound,
Bold Anio's rush — with Tibur's groves around —
And — bath'd by wandering streams — the orchard
ground.

As the pure south, when storms tempestuous lower,
Clears the dark sky, nor pours the ceaseless shower;
So, Plancus, wisely cheer thy sadden'd soul,
Life's toils dispelling with the generous bowl;
Whether 'mid camps, where glittering banners play,
Or your own Tibur's shadowy groves you stray.

From sire and Salamis when Teucer fled,
He yet — as poets sing — adorn'd his head,
Moisten'd by Bacchus, with the poplar leaf;
Then thus his sorrowing friends address'd in grief;
"Where fortune — kinder than a parent — tends,
There will we go, my comrades and my friends;
Despair not: — Teucer leads, and Teucer's Fates;
A foreign shore — the Delphian truth relates —
Shall prove of Salamis the ambiguous sound:
Oh! oft with me in darker misery found,
To-day your sorrows in the goblet steep,
To-morrow's dawn shall hail the boundless deep!"

ODE VIII.

TO LYDIA.

LYDIA, by all the gods above,
Why ruin Sybaris with your love?
Why the hot Campus does he shun,
So patient once of dust and sun?
Why now no more — as once — his pride
Amid compatriot knights to ride,
And, graceful, urge his Gallic steed,
Or curb his wild, impetuous speed?
Why fear the Tiber's yellow flood?
Why shun the oil — like viper's blood?
Why should his snowy arms disdain
The warlike armour's livid stain?
From well-thrown quoit so nobly fam'd,
Or dart beyond the boundary aim'd!

Why hides he now — like Thetis' boy
Ere smok'd the funeral-pyres of Troy,
Lest — caught in manly garb — he go
To slaughter, and the Lycian foe ?

ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

See, with the deepening flakes, how white
Soracte stands ! — the woodland height
Can scarce sustain the weight of snow,
While ice-bound rivers cease to flow.

Dissolve the cold : — with logs pil'd high
Now plenteously the fire supply ;
And from thy Sabine cask produce
— Now four years old — the mellow'd juice.

Leave to the gods the rest : — when they
The battling winds and waves allay,
Nor ancient ash, nor cypress more
Shall dread the tempest's angry roar.

Unsought the morrow's fate remain,
But count the accorded day as gain ;
Nor spurn the dance, nor love's sweet vows,
While whiteness spares thy youthful brows.

Now for the Campus, and the park !
The gentle whisperings after dark !
The assignation ! — Now the maid,
By laughter's merriest peal betray'd,

Quits the sly corner where she watch'd :
See, from her arm the pledge is snatch'd !
While now her finger yields the prize,
She half accords — yet half denies.

ODE X.

TO MERCURY.

HAIL, Mercury! from old Atlas sprung,
Well-skill'd, with eloquence of tongue,
And the palæstra's graceful game,
The rage of earliest man to tame;

Herald of gods and mighty Jove,
The parent of the lyre you love!
Thee would I sing, whose pilfering pride
Delights each sportive theft to hide.

When Phœbus, with his threatening brow,
Bade you the stolen beeves avow,
He laugh'd, to find a boy like you
Had robb'd him of his quiver too.

Flying from Troy — with thee his guide —
Priam deceiv'd Atrides' pride,
Thessalian foemen's watchful fire,
And camps — to Troy and Trojans dire.

Hades thy golden rod controls,
And seats in bliss the pious souls;
Eloquent power! — belov'd as well
By gods in heaven, as gods in hell.

ODE XI.

TO LEUCONOË.

SEEK not, Leuconoë — 'tis forbid to know —
On me, and you what end the gods bestow;
No more for Babylonian numbers care;
But what the Fates decree with patience bear!
If Jove more winters grant, or now the last
Embroil the rocks and waves with Tuscan blast.

Be wise : — rack off your wines, while yet you can,
Restraining hope to life's contracted span.
Even now what speed the envious seasons borrow !
Seize on to-day; — nor trust the uncertain morrow.

ODE XII.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHAT man, what hero shall thy lyre,
— What god ? — thy piercing flute inspire ?
Say, Clio, whose immortal name
Shall Echo — viewless nymph — proclaim
On Helicon's umbrageous hill,
On Pindus, or on Hæmus chill ?
Whence woods and groves to Orpheus' song
Hurried promiscuously along ;
Who, by maternal art, confin'd
The rapid streams, and winged wind ;

Skilful the listening oaks to bring
Attendant on his tuneful string.
What theme shall claim the poet's lays
Before our Sire's accustom'd praise?
Who governs with omniscient ken
Immortal gods, and mortal men;
And sheds o'er sea, and land, and sky
The seasons' sweet variety.
From him no power superior flows,
Nor equal he — no second knows;
Whom naught created can excel;
Himself his only parallel.

Still next in honor's glorious band
See Pallas—wisdom's goddess—stand;
Nor pass we Bacchus, bold in mien,
Nor thee the virgin huntress-queen;
Nor Phœbus, thee, of deathless fame,
Fear'd for thy dart's unerring aim.

Alcides, hail!—hail, Leda's boys!
The one equestrian fame enjoys,
This boasts a wrestler's fierce renown;
Whose star benign — to sailors shown —
Draws from the rocks the troubled tide;
Hush'd are the winds, the storms subside;
The radiant twins their beams disclose,
And lull the billows to repose.

Shall Romulus next inspire my strain,
Or Numa's calm and peaceful reign?
Tarquin's proud fasces shall I tell,
Or how stern Cato nobly fell?
My grateful Muse, on choicest string,
The fate of Regulus shall sing;
And how, 'mid Cannæ's fatal strife,
Brave Paulus scorn'd his glorious life.
Nor let my lyre refuse to trace
The honours of the Scaurian race. —
Fabricius, with his taintless name,

Camillus, of immortal fame,
And Curius, with neglected hair,
—Rome's honour'd heroes!—scantiest fare,
In cottage on paternal soil,
Fitted for warfare's noblest toil.
And as the tree — unnoted — grows,
As bursts — unseen — the opening rose.
E'en so Marcellus' glories rise,
And — sudden — tower into the skies:
While high the Julian star aspires,
— A moon among the lesser fires! —

Thou guardian Sire of earth and heaven,
Saturnian Jove! — to whom is given
The care of mighty Cæsar's throne,
Be still his glory next thy own;
Whether triumphant o'er the host
Of Parthians, threatening Latium's coast,
Or Seres, or the Indians far
He quells — subdu'd in Eastern war! —

To him let nations bend the knee,
In justice like, though less than thee;
Whilst thou, in thine avenging car,
Shalt shake Olympus from afar,
And hurl thy angry bolt sublime
O'er sacred groves profan'd by crime.

ODE XIII.

TO LYDIA.

Whene'er of Telephus the charms,
The rosy neck — the waxen arms —
My Lydia's amorous raptures praise,
The rising bile my rage betrays;
My senses reel — my color flies —
And furtive tears suffuse mine eyes;
Proving how inwardly I glow,
Consum'd by tortures fierce — but slow.

I burn, — or if those shoulders fair
The marks of drunken revel bear;
Or on thy lip the fiery youth
Imprints his cruel, wanton tooth.
Ah! dream not he shall constant prove,
Who wounds that rosy bower of love,
Where every kiss that parts the lips
In nectar's own quintessence dips.

Thrice and more happy they, whose minds
Indissoluble union binds!
Whose love — untorn by evil strife —
Lasts to the latest hour of life!

ODE XIV.

TO THE REPUBLIC.

SHALL ebbing waters bear thee back,
Poor vessel, on thy watery track?
What wouldst thou? — Safe at anchor ride; —
Thy oarage fails the vessel's side;

Thy mast — with rapid Afric's wound —
Thy creaking yard-arms groan around.
Scarce can thy cordless keel sustain
The shocks of the imperious main.

Thy sails flap — ragged — on the air,
And heaven disdains the afflicted prayer.
What though — a Pontic pine — you stood,
— The daughter of a noble wood —

All useless now thy name — thy race!
No confidence the sailors place
In painted sterns: — then furl thy sail,
Nor prove the play-thing of the gale;

Thou, late the source of my annoy,
But now my anxious care — my joy!
Oh! mayst thou shun those dangerous seas,
Which wash the shining Cyclades.

ODE XV.

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

When in Idæan ships the faithless swain
His hostess Helen wafted o'er the main,
Nereus in hateful calm the winds controll'd,
And thus their direful destiny foretold;

"In ill-starr'd hour, you homewards bear the dame,
Whom Greece in serried warfare shall reclaim;
Together sworn thy nuptials to destroy,
And aged Priam's ancient realm of Troy.

"What sweat from war-horse pours — from warrior's face!
What funeral-pyres afflict the Trojan race!
Even now her helm and shield Minerva tries,
Her chariot proves — while furious glance her eyes.

"In Venus' guardianship then bold in vain,
You comb your locks; and, in effeminate strain,
Tune the divisions of the unwarlike lyre. —
In vain the spears — to nuptial couches dire —

"In vain the Cretan darts and shouts you shun,
In vain from Ajax' swift pursuit you run.
Alas! those curls that pleas'd the wanton's lust
Shall trail — though late — in the avenging dust.

"What! fear'st thou not Laertes' crafty rage,
— Foe to thy race? — and Nestor — Pylian sage?
See Salaminian Teucer urge thy flight;
And Sthenelus, so skilful in the fight,

"Reining his steeds — tremendous charioteer! —
And see dark Merion's fiery coursers near!
Fierce Tydeus' son — superior to his sire —
Still seeks thee out, with all a foeman's ire:

"As from a wolf — across the valley seen —
Flies the scar'd stag, and quits the pasture green,
Thus Paris flies, by panting breath delay'd,
—Not such the promise to thy mistress made! —

"Achilles' angry fleet shall still delay
To Troy, and Trojan dames the fatal day;
Till — winters rolling on — the Grecian fire
Shall raise o'er Trojan domes the funeral-pyre."

ODE XVI.

TO TYNDARIS.

O, THAN fair mother fairer still,
Put to whatever end you will
Those slanderous lines, compos'd by me,
Or in the flame or Adria's sea.

Not Cybele so the bosom fires,
Nor priests the Pythian god inspires,
Not Bacchus, as his votaries pass,
Nor Corybantes' sounding brass,

As direful rage; — which wrecking main,
Nor Noric weapons can restrain;
Nor furious flame, nor mighty Jove
— Terrific, thundering from above.

To our first clay Prometheus brought
A particle, from all sides sought;
And of the lion's rage a part
Implanted in the human heart.

Rage caused Thyestes' fearful fall;
Through rage the loftiest city's wall,
— Crumbled in utter ruin low —
Has felt the ploughshare of the foe.

Then calm thy wrath: — *my* fervid breast,
In pleasing youth, like rage possess'd;
Which urg'd me, passionate, along,
To scribble that Iambic song.

From grave to gay my theme shall change,
With thee in friendship's ties to range:
Thou shalt my former mind restore,
And I — recant, and write no more!

ODE XVII.

TO TYNDARIS.

To sweet Lucretilis, for change,
The nimble Faunus loves to range,
Leaving Lycæan mount behind,
To guard my goats from heat and wind.
The wives of the unsavoury mate,
In safest groves securely wait,
Reposing where the strawberry hides,
Or where the fragrant thyme abides.
Nor fear the kids the serpents green,
Nor fly, when Mars's wolves are seen;
Whene'er the vales, and polish'd blocks
Of sweet Ustica's sloping rocks
With pastoral pipes' melodious sound,
My Tyndaris, shall echo round.

The gods defend me : — nor refuse
My piety — my votive Muse.
Here too by thee shall plenty's horn,
With rural honours full, be borne ;
Safe in the vale from Sirius' heat,
On Teian strings shalt thou repeat
Penelope, and Circe's fame,
— The victims of a common flame. —
Here, quaffing harmless Lesbian wine,
'Mid well-fill'd cups, in shade recline ;
Nor Semele's infuriate son
With Mars in maddening conflict run.
No fear lest Cyrus' wanton might
Should seize thee in unequal fight;
Thy inoffensive garments tear,
And rend the chaplet from thy hair.

ODE XVIII.

TO VARUS.

VARUS, the sacred vine best pays thy toil
Near Catilus' walls, and Tibur's mellow soil.
For sober wights what hardships Jove prepares !
Wine — wine alone dispels our biting cares.
By wine inspir'd, who rails at want or war ?
Who sings not Venus' charms, and Bacchus' car ?
But see — lest moderate orgies we exceed —
Where drunken Lapithæ, and Centaurs bleed.
Thus angry Bacchus taught the Thracian throng,
Whose greedy lust confounded right with wrong.
Not thee — unwilling — Bacchus, will I rouse,
Nor rites reveal, conceal'd by various boughs.

Cease thy dread cymbals, and thy Phrygian horn,
Which pride — with empty head too lofty borne —
And blind self-love pursue, and Faith — like glass —
Displaying secrets to the crowds that pass.

ODE XIX.

TO GLYCERA.

THE mother and the queen of love,
  And Semele's Lyæan boy,
With lawless licence, bid me prove
  Once more the long-forgotten joy.
I burn for Glycera still — who shines
Brighter than Parian marble-mines.
I burn to view the saucy grace,
The dazzling lustre of her face.
Venus deserts her Cyprian bowers,
Invading me with all her powers;

Bids me no more of Scythians write,
Or Parthian horseman's daring flight:
Since nothing may adorn my songs
But what to her, and Love belongs.

Here, slaves, live turf—unsparing—fling,
Here frankincense, and vervain bring,
—The two-year cask:—a victim slain,
My Glycera may be kind again!

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

VILE Sabine can my humble board,
In moderate cups, alone afford,
In Grecian barrel stor'd away,
Dear knight, Mæcenas, on the day

The theatre's applauses woo'd
The banks of thy paternal flood;
While sportive echo bore thy praise
To Vaticanus' mountain-ways.

Thee Cæcuban may better please,
Or grape Calenian presses squeeze;
But Formian, or Falernian wine
Disdains such homely cups as mine.

ODE XXI.

SING, tender maids, Diana's name;
Sing, boys, Apollo's youthful fame;
Latona sing, to whom great Jove
Breath'd forth his mighty soul in love.
Sing her, who seeks the stream and shade
On chilly Algidum display'd,
In Erymanthus' woodland scene,
Or Cragus rob'd in nature's purest green.

Tempe, ye boys, to equal praise,
And Phœbus' native Delos raise;
The god whose shoulder we admire
With quiver and fraternal lyre.
He tearful war shall drive away,
When Rome and Cæsar—suppliant—pray;
Bidding foul pest and famine soar
To Persia's realms, and Britain's distant shore.

ODE XXII.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

Fuscus, the good—the pure—with brow
Unstain'd by crime—nor needs the bow,
Nor Moorish dart;—nor bears the weight
Of quiver with its poison'd freight;

Whether through Syrtes' heat he tread,
Or Caucasus — the stranger's dread —
Or to those shores he wend his way,
Where fam'd Hydaspes' waters stray.

From me a wolf, in Sabine grove,
While singing Lalage, and love,
— Careless — beyond my boundary led—
Though all unarm'd, in terror fled.

No such portentous monster roves
In warlike Daunia's beechen groves,
Neither in Juba's arid earth,
Which gives the savage lion birth.

Place me in barren regions, where
No tree invites the genial air;
There in the world's remotest side,
Where clouds, and noxious winds preside;

Place me too near Apollo's car,
— From human habitations far —
E'en there my Lalage beguiles,
Who sweetly talks — and sweetly smiles.

ODE XXIII.

TO CHLOË.

LIKE the young fawn's, my Chloë's flight,
Who seeks her dam on pathless height,
And vainly dreads the harmless breeze,
Or starts at the surrounding trees.

For whether the approach of spring
Sets the young leaflets quivering,
Or lizards green disturb the brake,
Her heart and knees with terror shake.

No lion I — nor tiger grim —
Pursue to tear each tender limb;
Quit then at length thy mother's side—
Already ripe to be a bride.

ODE XXIV.

TO VIRGIL.

WHY bounds impose to grief? — why blush with shame
At fond affection for so dear a name?
Thy saddest strain, Melpomene, inspire,
With liquid voice, and sweet paternal lyre.

Does then perpetual sleep Quinctilius bind?
Ah! where shall modesty his equal find?
Where stainless faith, with sister-justice near?
Where naked truth — who scorns disguise or fear?

He many a good man's tear—expiring—drew ;
None, Virgil, wept more bitterly than you.
Quinctilius — sorrowing — you demand in vain ;
Not borne to heaven to leave those realms again.

Though than the Thracian Orpheus more you please,
Whose tuneful lyre attracts the list'ning trees,
The blood returns not to the empty ghost,
Which Mercury once among the gloomy host,

With dread Caducean wand, compels to range,
Whom vainly prayers invoke our fates to change.
Hard lot ! — but patience soothes each sorrow still,
And lightens half the inevitable ill.

ODE XXV.

TO LYDIA.

'Tis seldom now that saucy beaux
Your windows shake with amorous blows;
And now — while undisturb'd you sleep —
Your door its threshold loves to keep.

How easy once those hinges play'd!
Less frequent now the serenade,
" *Can slumber close my Lydia's eyes,*
While the long night her lover dies? "

Of scornful rakes, in narrow lane, —
Old and neglected, — you complain;
Encountering Thracian breezes keen,
While not a glimpse of moon is seen.

There the hot lust, and gross desire,
That set the mother-mares on fire,
Around your ulcer'd liver fly,
And wake the vain, complaining sigh,

That sprightly youth green ivy suits,
And verdant myrtle's earliest shoots;
While wither'd branches hard and dry —
To Eurus dedicated — die!

ODE XXVI.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

THE muses' friend — my grief and fear
I bid the wanton breezes bear,
And plunge them in the Cretan sea.
Careless! — what matters it to me
Who lords it at the frozen pole?
Why trembles Tiridates' soul?

Pimplean muse, whom founts delight,
Approach where sunniest flowers invite;
Twine me a wreath for Lamia's brow:
Vain — without thee — my praises flow!
My Lamia's honour'd name to sing —
To consecrate on Lesbian string —
May well thy newest lays inspire,
Thine — with thy tuneful sister-choir.

ODE XXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

YOUR joy-begot goblets with strife to deface —
So form'd for delight — is the custom of Thrace;
Away with such barbarous usage, away!
And protect modest Bacchus from sanguine affray.

The sword of the Medes — only fitted for camps —
How immensely discordant with liquor and lamps!

Then your impious clamour, companions, restrain,
And — reclin'd on bent elbow — 'mid pleasure
remain.

Do you wish *me* the stronger Falernian to share?
Let the brother of Locrian Megilla declare,
How blissful the wound that rejoices his heart,
And whose was the beauty that pointed the dart.

What! refuse to disclose! — then I touch not the
bowl;
Whate'er be the passion that preys on your soul,
Your love cannot cause you or blushes or shame;
You, whose heart ever glows with a generous flame!

Then — whoever the maiden — confess without fear,
And deposit your secret in confidence here.

* * * * *

Ah, wretched! — in what a Charybdis you roll,
Though a far better flame should enkindle your soul!

What witch, what magician with Thessaly's charms,
What god can relieve from such cruel alarms?
Of this three-form'd chimæra so tangled the chain,
Even Pegasus' self would release you in vain.

ODE XXVIII.

ARCHITAS, measuring once the land,
The ocean, and the countless sand,
A little dust is all the store
Thou need'st by the Matinian shore.
Nor has it aught thy soul avail'd,
Though through aërial heights she sail'd,
And bade imagination fly,
Circling the world — still doom'd to die!

Guest of the gods, the Phrygian dies —
Tithonus, who attain'd the skies —

Minos, in whom great Jove confides —
And Tartarus Pythagoras hides,
Dismiss'd to hell — though proud to wield,
Unfix'd, his monumental shield;
A witness from the wars of Troy,
That Fate can but our frames destroy;
Him no inferior judge you deem,
With truth and nature for his theme.
All — all await one dark abode,
All — all must tread one fatal road.
Some 'mid the pomp of warfare bleed,
While some the greedy ocean feed:
The old — the youthful — mingling, fall:
Proserpine, cruel, claims them all.

Me too Orion's setting beam
Has plung'd in the Illyrian stream;
But do not, sailor, grudge to spread
Some sand upon my tombless head.

And thus, whate'er the eastern breeze
May threaten to Hesperia's seas,
Let Venusinian woodlands chafe,
But thou, my friend, shalt still be safe.
On every side shall richest freight —
Deriv'd from Jove — thy hopes await;
Or Neptune's gift, far ruling o'er
The sweet Tarentum's sacred shore.

But shouldst thou now avert thy face,
Curses upon thy hapless race!
My curses both on them and thee!
And for thy crime its penalty!
Not fruitless prayers shall mount from me;
Thy guilt no expiations free.
Though hurrying — short is the delay —
Thrice cast the dust; then haste away.

ODE XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.

Iccius, whose visions love to rest
On golden "Araby the blest,"
To bid the unconquer'd Saba bleed,
And bind in chains the horrid Mede,—

What barbarous virgin shalt thou gain,
Her own betroth'd admirer slain?—
What boy appoint thy cup to bear,
From gorgeous hall — with perfum'd hair —

Skill'd with paternal bow to try
The Seric dart? — Who dares deny
That streams may up the mountains glide,
And Tiber's waves be turn'd aside?

Since — widely sought — thy learned store,
Panætian and Socratic lore —
Thou, form'd in learning's paths to shine,
Would'st now for Spanish arms resign.

ODE XXX.

TO VENUS.

Of Cnidos and of Paphos queen,
Quit, Venus, quit thy Cyprian scene,
To light on Glycera's lovely bower,
Whose plenteous incense now invokes thy power.

With nymphs and glowing Cupid haste,
And Graces — with their zoneless waist:
Let Mercury thy escort be,
And youth, who owes his sweetest charm to thee!

ODE XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

WHAT asks the bard at Delos' shrine,
Whose goblet pours its earliest wine?
Not the rich store of golden grain,
Which gilds Sardinia's fertile plain;

Not flocks from hot Calabria's shore;
Not gold, nor India's ivory store;
Nor lands, where Liris' waters stray,
And—silent—eat their banks away.

Ye, who Calenian vines possess,
With pruning-knife their shoots repress;
Merchants, your golden goblets drain—
Barter'd away for Syrian gain;

Dear to the gods!—since home's sweet shores
Each year the Atlantic thrice restores.
I but the simple olive need—
On mallows light and endive feed!

Still, Phœbus, may I comfort find,
With health of body and of mind;
And, oh! let music's charms assuage
Thy votary's decent—comely age!

ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

ONCE more invok'd!—In idle shade
If sportive music we have made,
To live, sweet lyre, some seasons long,
Approach—and strike a Latin song.

Thee first the tuneful Lesbian bore,
Who—fierce in war—'mid battles' roar,
Or when in port—the tempest past—
His shatter'd bark was anchor'd fast,

The Muses sang, the goblet's joy,
And Venus with attendant boy;
Or Lycus, for whose jet-black eyes
And sable locks the fair-one sighs.

Apollo's pride!—melodious shell!—
At heavenly banquets lov'd so well!
Thou solace of our toil and pain,
Attend, when I invoke thy strain.

ODE XXXIII.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

TELL me, my Albius, tell me why
For cruel Glycera still you sigh?
Why of her broken faith complain,—
Her passion for a younger swain?
Fair Lycoris, of beauteous brow,
With love of Cyrus rages now:
Cyrus on scornful Pholoë doats;
But sooner shall the mountain-goats
Mingle with wolves' Apulian race,
Than Pholoë love the adulterer base.

Of Venus such the sovereign will!
She, whose malignant sport is still
The differing form, and varying mind,
Together in her yoke to bind.

Me, when superior beauty woo'd,
The slave-born Myrtale subdued; —
Though rough as Adria's foaming spray,
Which curls around Calabria's bay,
She woke the lover's pleasing pain, —
She forg'd the lover's welcome chain.

ODE XXXIV.

In sophist-madness while I stray'd,
Seldom and negligent I pray'd;
But now I take a different tack,
And steer my home-bound vessel back.
For Jove, who, with the lightning's dart,
Is wont the darkening clouds to part,
Of late in rapid car was seen,
Thundering across the blue serene;
Lo! ponderous earth—the rapid tides—
The murky gloom which Tænarus hides—

The darkly-fabled Stygian lake—
And Atlas' distant boundaries, quake.

Great Jove confounds the depths and heights;
To lower the proud the god delights—
Raising the humble from the ground.
Thus Fortune—with a stunning sound—
Commands on one the crown to shine,
Another bids that crown resign.

ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

GODDESS, whose power o'er pleasing Antium sways,
Whose smile from lowest deep our hopes can raise,—
Thou who canst change the proud triumphal arch
To sorrowing dirge, and doleful funeral-march,—

Thee the poor swain for smiling plenty craves;
Thee, haughty mistress of the briny waves,
The sailor seeks, whose light Bithynian prow
The wild Carpathian wave is doom'd to plough.

Thee Dacian rough — thee Scythian wandering far —
Cities and nations — Latium fierce in war —
Thee mother-queens of barbarous chieftains own,
And purple tyrants tremble at thy frown.

Do not — oh! do not with destructive blow —
Now firmly fix'd — our column overthrow;
Nor crush our state with faction's fierce alarms,
While rebel-riot shrieks, "to arms — to arms!"

See dire Necessity precede thy band,
With spikes and wedges in her brazen hand;
Where — torture's horrid train — the hook severe,
And molten lead, in grim array appear.

Thee Hope reveres, and Faith in white-rob'd pride,
—Attendant still at Fortune's fickle side—
Oft as thou'rt pleas'd to change thy garb in hate,
And quit the mansions of the fallen great.

But the false vulgar, and the perjur'd fair,
And friends—untaught a friend's distress to bear—
When fails at length the cask's exhausted store,
Drain the last goblet—and return no more!

Oh! save our chief, who sails for Britain's land,
Remotest earth!—oh! save the youthful band,
The terror soon of many an Eastern shore,
Of lands where Arab seas their currents pour.

Shame on our civil discord!—what has time,
What has our harden'd age accounted crime?
Our youth what wrong abhorr'd?—from what abstain'd,
By fear of heaven, or piety restrain'd?

What sacred shrines, what altars have we spar'd?
Oh! on new anvils be those swords prepar'd—
Blunted so long!—now doom'd to point the blow
At distant Scythia, and our Arab foe!

ODE XXXVI.

HITHER the plenteous incense bring;
Strike — strike the lyre's melodious string;
Let heifers' votive blood be pour'd; —
The gods have Numida restor'd!
He from Hesperia's distant skies
To friendship's eager welcome flies;
Though still his warmest love extends
To Lamia — earliest of his friends:
Under one rule the schoolboys rang'd,
One year beheld their togas chang'd.

A Cretan mark the day shall grace,
While to our cups no bounds we place;

But — Salian-like — our dancing feet
The buoyant earth shall — ceaseless — beat.
Nor shall fair Damilis — tipsy soul ! —
Deeper than Bassus drain the bowl.
The banquet grace with rose-flower leaf,
With parsley green, and lilies brief;
Each gloating eye on Damilis turns:
She for her new-found lover burns;
Round whom the wanton arm she flings,
And closer than the ivy clings.

ODE XXXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

Now, comrades, pass the goblet round,
Now beat, with nimble foot, the ground,
And now the Salian dainties place,
Fit the immortals' couch to grace.

'Twas impious to produce before
Our Cæcuban's ancestral store;
While the fair queen of Egypt's seas —
With band infected by disease —

Still menac'd with disastrous fate
The Capitol, and Roman state, —
Whom—drunk with favouring fortune's smile—
The idlest hopes could still beguile:

But scarce one ship, preserv'd from flame,
Suffic'd her furious wrath to tame;
When Cæsar terrified her soul,—
Though moisten'd in the Egyptian bowl —

Pursuing, with his rapid oar,
Her flight from the Italian shore;
The fatal monster to restrain,
And bind in his relentless chain.

While thus the hawk pursues on high,
'Tis thus the gentle pigeons fly;
And thus the nimble hunter goes
On track of hare through Ænon's snows.

She — fir'd a nobler death to die —
The sword beheld with fearless eye;
Nor sought to gain, with rapid fleet,
Some hidden shore's secure retreat.

Daring — with eye serene and bold —
Her ruin'd palace to behold;
To handle the envenom'd snake, —
The poison in her heart to take.

As death approach'd, more brave she grew,
And scorn'd — with fierce Liburnian crew —
To sail the deep — a captive queen!
To grace some proud triumphal scene.

ODE XXXVIII.

TO HIS SLAVE.

Boy, I detest the Persian's state;
The philyra-woven wreath I hate;
Then cease to hunt where — hidden — blows
The floweret of the later rose.

A simple chaplet quick prepare;
To-day the myrtle wreath I wear;
Which, while I quaff beneath this vine,
Shall grace thy master's brow — and thine.

BOOK II.

ODE I.

TO C. ASINIUS POLLIO.

THE factions of Metellus' times,
Our warfare's causes — chances — crimes,
Impetuous Fortune's blind intrigue,
Ambitious chieftains' fatal league,
And cruel arms — distain'd with gore
Unexpiated — you deplore.
A dangerous task! — and boldly tread
On fires, with faithless embers overspread.

Awhile the tragic Muse resign,
Let Clio's harp alone be thine;
Then — public themes discuss'd — reclaim
Thy Attic work of buskin'd fame;
Thou solace of defendants' tears,
Thou born to calm the senate's fears,
Pollio, on whose immortal brow
Dalmatia's laurel'd triumphs proudly glow.

Hark! how thy trumpets shake the shore!
Hark! hark! thy stunning clarions' roar!
See, how thy dazzling arms affright
The flying steed — the timorous knight;
Now mighty chiefs my fancy hears,
Whom not inglorious dust besmears;
All earth — submissive — owns control,
All, but unbending Cato's stubborn soul.

Juno, with gods who cherish'd more,
But fail'd to avenge the Afric shore,
Brought back — to appease Jugurtha's ghost —
The sons of the victorious host.
What lands — by impious slaughter fed —
But mark with tombs where Latians bled?
While still the distant Medes proclaim
The ruin dire of proud Hesperia's name.

What gulfs — what rivers, as they flow,
But our lamented warfare know?
What sea but rocks a purpled flood?
What shore unstain'd by Daunian blood?

* * * * *

Then cease not, saucy Muse, thy joke;
Nor Cean funeral-strains invoke;
But come thy lighter harp to wield,
In Dionæan cave — with me — conceal'd.

ODE II.

TO C. CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

SALLUST, thou enemy to gold,
Which niggard mines in darkness hold,
No lustre do our treasures show,
Unless with temperate use they glow.

Long years shall Proculeius share,
A brother — with a father's care —
With wing untir'd, surviving Fame
Shall bear aloft his deathless name.

Thou reign'st — thy avarice once subdu'd —
Farther than should thy power include
Libya, with Gades' distant bay,
And either Carthage own'd thy sway.

Dropsy by self-indulgence grows;
Nor thirst departs, while, lingering, flows
The cause of ill within the veins,
And watery languor — pale — remains.

Virtue, who spurns the crowd's behest,
Excludes Phraates from the blest,
On Cyrus' throne; — and bids us fly
The seeming truth — the specious lie;

The crown, the laurel, and the throne,
Conferring upon him alone,
Whose eye — undazzled — can behold
Enormous heaps of tempting gold.

ODE III.

TO QUINTUS DELLIUS.

CALM and unruffled be thy mind
When fortune frowns; — in seasons kind,
From joy's intemperate raptures fly,
My Dellius, doom'd — like all — to die.
Whether you live, to grief a prey,
Or, on the festal holiday,
Blest in some distant mead recline,
Quaffing the old Falernian wine;
Where lofty pine, and poplar white,
— In social shade — their boughs unite,
And crystal streams, with slanting force,
Struggle along their trembling course.

Bring perfumes — wine — and, oh! too brief!
The odorous rose-flower's grateful leaf;

While fortune wills — years yet unsped —
And the three sisters' sable thread.
Nor purchas'd groves, nor home thou'lt save,
Nor seat, by Tiber's yellow wave;
And all the wealth you now possess,
— Pil'd up aloft — the heir shall bless.
Though rich — from Inachus you come,
Though poor — of meanest birth in Rome,
Boasting no covering but the sky,
Unpitying Orcus bids thee die.
One common road we all must take;
The urn alike each lot must shake;
— The fatal lot! — which, soon or late,
Consigns us to our Stygian fate.

ODE IV.

TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

LET not my Phoceus blush to rave
In amorous transports for a slave;
Briseïs — of the snow-white arm —
— A slave — could proud Achilles warm;

Tecmessa's captive beauty won
Her master — Ajax Telamon; —
Atrides, e'en in victory's arms,
Burn'd for a ravish'd maiden's charms;

What time the quell'd barbarian hordes
Bent low beneath Thessalian swords;
When weary Greeks, from Hector's fall,
Might easier scale the Trojan wall.

What honor mayst thou not acquire
As son-in-law to Phyllis' sire?
For surely — sprung from royal veins —
Of unjust Lares she complains.

Think not that she — thy honest flame —
From vile plebeian sources came ;
Nor — known for faith and lucre's scorn —
From low-bred mother could be born.

Her arms — her face — her tapering thigh,
Heart-whole, I praise ; — shun jealousy
Of one, whose years demand repose ;
— Eight lustres, trembling to their close !

ODE V.

UNABLE yet the yoke to bear,
Unfit a partner's toils to share;
To meet the monarch of the drove,
Rushing — in mad career — on love,

Thy heifer's inclination leads
To frisk about the verdant meads;
Sporting — to shun the solar beam —
With bull-calves, in the willow stream.

Awhile the unripe grape decline;
Since soon for thee the clustering vine,
Autumn — with ever-varying hue —
Shall with its purplest tinge imbue.

Soon she'll pursue, — time flows apace,
Years, stolen from thee, on her to place;
Soon Lalage, with wanton gait,
Herself shall seek a fitting mate,

Far more belov'd than Pholoë coy,
Or Chloris, or the Cnidian boy,
Gyges — with ivory shoulder bright,
— Like moonbeams on the wave at night.

With thronging nymphs on either side,
Who shall fair Gyges' sex decide?
The girlish look — the girlish lock —
Might well the skilful stranger mock.

ODE VI.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

SEPTIMIUS, who with me wouldst fly
To Spain — the unconquer'd Cantabri —
Or barbarous Syrtes' sandy soil,
Where Mauritanian waters boil;
Sweet Tibur's shores — when old — I'll seek,
First colonised by roving Greek,

Weary with many a wandering far,
By sea and land, and tir'd of war;
Which, should the cruel Fates refuse,
Galesus' pastoral banks I'll choose,
— Fertile in flocks — the fruitful shore
Spartan Phalanthus rul'd of yore.

That nook of earth most sweetly smiles,
And — more than all — my heart beguiles,
Whose honey with Hymettian hives,
Whose olive with Venafrum, strives;
Where Jupiter a lengthen'd spring,
And winters mild is wont to bring;
And Aulon — fertile Bacchus' friend —
Will scarcely to Falernus bend.
Thee — with thy bard — that place invites,
That happy spot! — those towering heights! —
There shall thy sprinkling tears attend
The ashes of thy poet-friend.

ODE VII.

TO POMPEIUS VARUS.

Oh! oft with me to mortal hour
Reduc'd, when Brutus led our power;
Who hath restor'd thee to our eyes,
To Roman fanes and Roman skies,
Varus — my earliest friend — whose smile
Could still the lingering day beguile,
While Syrian spikenard grac'd our hair,
And Bacchus chas'd each anxious care?
With thee I shar'd Philippi's field,
The flight, where — shame! — I lost my shield;
When conquer'd valour's threat'ning brow
To the base earth was humbled low;
But me, through hostile troops — in dread —
Enwrapt in clouds — swift Hermes sped;
While thee the eddying tide once more,
With boiling waves, to battle bore.

Give then to Jove the feast requir'd;
And — with the lengthen'd warfare tir'd —
Beneath my laurel rest reclin'd,
Nor spare the casks — for thee design'd.
Fill up oblivious Massic well
In polish'd cups; — from bounteous shell
Pour perfume forth. Who hastens now
The parsley-wreath, or myrtle-bough?
To whom shall Venus now assign
To give the toast, and pass the wine?
Not more than Thracian Thyad grave,
At friendship's feast I love to rave.

ODE VIII.

TO BARINE.

HAD punishment aveng'd e'er now,
Barine, any broken vow; —
Had but one charm begun to fail,
By blacken'd tooth or blemish'd nail, —

I'd doubt no more; but thou, instead,
Though pledging deep thy perjur'd head,
—As fair as false, and false as fair—
Art still our youth's engrossing care.

And well it prospers, I believe,
Thy mother's ashes to deceive,
The stars, that rule night's silent hours,
With heaven, and heaven's immortal powers.

Such broken oaths to laughter move
Venus, the nymphs, and savage Love,
Who sharpens still his cruel darts
On whetstone—ting'd with bleeding hearts.

Add that for thee our striplings grow,
—New slaves before thy charms to bow,—
While former lovers haunt thy door,
Though threatening oft to love no more.

Thee for their boys our mothers dread,
Thee thrifty age and maidens wed,
— New brides — who tremble lest thy charms
Should lure their husbands from their arms.

ODE IX.

TO VALGIUS.

SHOWERS will not always, Valgius, flow,
Moistening the furrow'd fields below;
Nor always will the uncertain storm
The Caspian's crystal waves deform;
Nor glaciers for ever stand
— Unmelted — in the Armenian land;
Nor Gargan oaks the north enrage,
Widowing the ash of scatter'd foliage.

But you of Mystes' loss complain,
In endless themes of mournful strain;

Still grieves thy love at Vesper's rise,
And when Apollo mounts the skies.
Not he, who trebled nature's years,
Shed for Antilochus constant tears;
Nor sire, nor sisters always weep
The youthful Troïlus' untimely sleep.

Cease then thy vain — unmanly grief,
And sing the trophies of our chief,
— The spoil of Cæsar's conquering hand —
And cold Niphates' ice-bound strand;
How, added to our vanquish'd foes,
Medus in humbler eddy flows;
And how Gelonian horsemen ride
In narrow'd limits, and with lessen'd pride.

ODE X.

TO LICINIUS.

THY safer course, Licinius, keep,
Not always venturing on the deep,
Nor — cautious of the tempest's roar —
Pressing too much the treacherous shore.

Who loves and woos the golden mean
Secure from sordid house is seen,
From squalid roof and ruin'd walls,
Not less than envy-moving halls.

The wind assails the loftiest pine; —
High towers with heaviest fall decline; —
And mountain peaks, that soar to heaven,
First by the lightning-flash are riven.

Well-tutor'd minds the changeful morrow
Still fear in joy—still hope in sorrow:
The same great Jove who winter brings
Smiles on the soft succeeding springs.

Not always will misfortunes lower,
Because to-day we feel their power;
For Phœbus oft resigns the bow,
And bids the lyric Muses glow.

Should plenty cease thy stores to fill,
Show thyself brave and dauntless still;
And so contract thy swelling sails,
'Mid fortune's too propitious gales.

ODE XI.

TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

WHAT plans Cantabria's warlike state,
What Scythian chiefs may meditate,
Hirpinus Quintius, seek not now,
Since Adria's waves between us flow.
Fear not—since little life requires;
Gay youth—with beauty—quick retires;
While every hoary lock that grows
Still steals from love—still mars repose.

The vernal flowers are first to fade;—
The ruddy moon oft sets in shade;—
Why then fatigue thy anxious mind,
For cares eternal undesign'd?
Why not, at ease, enjoy our wine,
Beneath this lofty plane or pine,

— Our snowy locks with roses crown'd,
And Syrian perfumes breath'd around?
Since Bacchus spurns corroding care,
What slave shall hasten to prepare
Our rich Falernian cups, and cool
Their ardour in the crystal pool?
Who'll wanton Lyde lure from home?
Bid her, with ivory lyre, to come;
And — careless — bind her truant hair
In the light knot the Spartans wear.

ODE XII.

TO MÆCENAS.

NUMANTIA's battles — fierce and long —
Bid me not frame to lyric song;
Nor Hannibal, nor Punic blood,
Which stains Sicilia's purple flood;

Nor Lapithæ, of savage soul;
— Hylæus, revelling in the bowl —
Nor giants, who Alcides fled,
When Saturn's palace shook with dread.

Mæcenas, thy historic prose
May better Cæsar's wars disclose;
And how the necks of threatening kings
Along our ways Augustus brings.

But me the Muse commands to tell
Lycimnia's songs, of dulcet swell;
The brilliant lustre of her eyes,
Her heart of faith to mutual ties;

How the light dance she loves to try,
Or sport with jocund raillery;
Or with the nymphs her arms to twine,
Who grace Diana's sacred shrine.

Wouldst thou resign Lycimnia's tress
The Persian's treasures to possess?
Or Phrygia's rich Mygdonian store?
Or Arab tents replete with ore?

When she to burning kiss applies
Her neck, or — feigning coy — denies
What, snatch'd by force, would better please,
— And she at times is first to seize.

ODE XIII.

He, who, O tree, with impious hand,
Was first to plant thee in my land,
In evil hour — bane of his race,
And all the neighbourhood's disgrace —
His father's aged neck would break,
Or blood of guest at midnight take.

He, too, would Colchian poisons press,
Nor shrink from aught of wickedness,
Who for thy trunk my field could choose,
Thy master's guiltless head to bruise.

How few from those misfortunes run,
Which all — at every hour — should shun!
The Punic sailors Bosphorus fear,
Nor dream of other dangers near;
Soldiers, swift Parthia's arrowy flight; —
The Parthian, Roman chains and might; —
But still the death, which least they dread,
Has struck — still strikes the nations dead.
How near dark Proserpine I've been!
How nearly Æacus' judgment seen!
Where pious ghosts apart retire;
And where, upon her own sweet lyre,
Sappho, in fond Æolian strains,
Of rival damsels still complains;

And where Alcæus' strings of gold,
Seas — flight — and warfare's ills unfold.
Both strains the admiring shades declare
Fit music for the silent air;
But banish'd kings, and songs of fight,
The ears of shouldering crowds delight.

What wonder! — when, at that sweet sound,
Hangs his black ears the astonish'd hound
With hundred heads; — soft tones! which lull
The Furies' locks, of serpents full:
Prometheus, too, and Pelops' sire,
— Sooth'd by the strain — no longer tire;
Nor dreams the bold Orion more
Of timid lynx, or lion's roar.

ODE XIV.

TO POSTUMUS.

Postumus, Postumus, alas !
The years in quick succession pass;
Nor can thy piety delay
Wrinkles — old age — and dying day :

Not though three hundred bulls should fall
Daily, at tearless Pluto's call;
Who Tityus huge, and Geryon vast
Holds by that dismal river fast;

And all must sail that fatal flood,
All we who taste terrestrial food !
Whether — as monarchs — now we reign,
Or — pauper labourers — till the plain !

In vain from cruel Mars we flee,
And the hoarse waves of Adria's sea;
In vain the injurious south we fear,
So baneful to the autumnal year:

All — all must to Cocytus go,
Dark wandering with its languid flow;
To Danaus' race — to Æolus' son,
Condemn'd to roll the eternal stone.

Lands — house — and wife, so form'd to please,
Must all be left; — nor of these trees
Shall one attend their master brief,
— Save the detested cypress-leaf;

Thy Cæcuban, a worthier heir
Shall quaff — of countless keys the care; —
And dye the floor with nobler wine
Than decks the feasts where pontiffs dine.

ODE XV.

Masses of royal buildings now
Have left few acres for the plough;
And boundless ponds a circle take
Far wider than the Lucrine lake;
The barren plane the oak o'erpowers,
And violets — myrtle — nosegay-flowers —
Through olive-grounds have perfume pour'd,
Productive to their former lord;
While overhead the mantling bays
Exclude Apollo's fervid rays.

No change like this Quirinus saw;
Not such stern Cato's ancient law;
Small private means were theirs, — but great
The proud revenue of the state; —

No ten-feet porch, the taste to please,
Receiv'd the shadowy northern breeze;
Nor the allotted glebe to spurn
Did they from law's instructions learn;
— Laws, which enjoin'd in hall and shrine,
New stone — at public cost — to shine.

ODE XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

He supplicates the gods for ease,
Toss'd on the wide Ægean seas,
When blacken'd clouds the moonlight veil,
And stars, that guide our sailors, fail;
Ease supplicates the warlike Thrace:
Ease, the far Mede, whom quivers grace
Ease, Grosphus, scorning to be sold
For gems, for purple, or for gold.

Nor wealth, nor consul's robes, control
The tumults of the wretched soul;
Those cares, which — ever-anxious — fly
Around the vaulted canopy.

How frugally, — how well he fares,
Whose board his father's salt-dish bears;
Whose gentle slumbers have not fled
Through sordid avarice or dread!
Wherefore, when life so soon is o'er,
Attempt so much? — why the far shore,
By other suns illumin'd, try?
What exile from himself can fly?
Care mounts the vessel's brazen sides,
Care amid troops of horsemen rides;
Swift as the stag's retreating form,
Or Eurus — hurrying on the storm.
The mind, content with present state,
Courts not a glimpse at future fate;

Life's bitters are by smiles suppress'd,
Since nothing is completely blest.
Death tam'd Achilles' youthful rage —
Decrepid Tithon bent with age —
And time, perchance, to me supplies
The blessings it to thee denies.
A hundred flocks adorn thy ground,
Sicilian heifers low around;
Thy neighing mare in chariot flies;
Thy vesture gleams with Afric's dyes;
While upon me unerring Fate
Has but bestow'd a small estate,
A spirit slight of Grecian song,
Which spurns the base malignant throng.

ODE XVII.

TO MÆCENAS.

Ah! why that fond complaining sigh?
Since neither heaven consents — nor I —
That thou, Mæcenas, first shouldst fall,
Guard of my wealth — my life — my all!

If thee — my soul's most cherish'd part —
Death first should strike, with earlier dart,
Why linger I? — divided soul! —
Not dear as once, nor longer whole!

One day shall ruin bring to both —
I have not sworn a faithless oath;
Yes, yes, together let us die,
And our last path — as comrades — try.

Me nor Chimæra's fiery breath,
Nor Gyges' hundred hands, in death
Shall from thy kindred spirit tear,
So Justice — so the Fates declare:

For whether Scorpio's dreaded power,
Or Libra rul'd my natal hour,
Or Capricorn its influence gave,
— The tyrant of the western wave —

Our stars in wondrous concord move;
Since thee the radiant power of Jove
Rescued from impious Saturn's hate,
And stay'd the rapid wings of Fate;

When, through the theatre, the crowd
Thrice shouted joyfully and loud;
And me a trunk had nearly slain,
Falling, in ruin, on my brain;

But Faunus' hand preserv'd me then,
— The guardian kind of learned men; —
Thou victims bring — the votive shrine —
The offering of a lamb be mine!

ODE XVIII.

Nor ivory shall my roof behold,
Nor arch bedizen'd o'er with gold;
Nor there Hymettian rafters stand
On columns, carv'd from Afric's land;
Nor have I seiz'd — an heir unknown —
Of Attalus the palace-throne;
Nor do I Spartan purple wear,
Which clients' gentle hands prepare.
But wit and honour still are mine,
And with the rich — though poor — I dine.

For nought beyond to heaven I send
Long, wearying prayers;—nor powerful friend
Do my enlarg'd requests alarm,
Quite blest enough with Sabine farm.

Day treads on day, and each new moon
But hastens on — to perish soon;
While you with sculptur'd marble pave
The pathway leading to the grave,
And mansions — rising in their pride —
Contrive the neighbouring tomb to hide.
You move e'en Baiæ's storm-beat shore,
— Scarce rich, till banks restrain no more. —
What though you change, with greedy hand,
The boundaries of your neighbour's land?
Or past your client's limits stray?
The wife and husband, driven away,
Their gods, and squalid infant care,
Wrapt in their bosoms, onwards bear:

Still the rich heir no hall awaits
More sure than Orcus' greedy gates:
Why then proceed? since gapes the earth
Alike for poor, and princely birth;
The infernal guard — unbrib'd by gold —
Shall still the sly Prometheus hold,
Proud Tantalus, with royal line,
Despite their pride, shall still confine;
While, freed at length from toil and tears,
Call'd, or uncall'd, the poor he hears.

ODE XIX.

TO BACCHUS.

BACCHUS I saw, in rocks remote,
Teaching the nymphs his tuneful note;
(Believe, posterity!) and near
Goat-footed satyrs stretch'd the ear.

Evœ! — fresh terror shakes my soul,
With riotous joys from copious bowl;
Evœ! — spare me, Bacchus, spare;
You, who the dreaded thyrsus bear!

Of wanton Thyads be my song,
And fountains pouring wine along;
Of fruitful streams with milk that flow,
And trunks — whose honey drops below:

To sing thy blessed spouse be mine,
Now rais'd among the stars to shine;
The ruin dire of Pentheus' hall,
And — Thracian king — Lycurgus' fall.

Streams and barbarian oceans roll
Obedient still to thy control;
Thou bind'st in some lone mountain spot,
Bistonian curls in viper knot.

Thou, when the impious band, on high,
Of giants scal'd thy father's sky,
Hurl'dst Rhætus back, with lion's claws,
— With lion's grim, terrific jaws. —

Thou then, though more inclin'd, they say,
For dances, sportive jests, and play,
— Unfit for savage war's alarms —
Foremost in peace — wer't first in arms.

Cerberus thy golden horn confess'd,
The monster's tail his joy express'd;
His triple tongue, on thy retreat,
Licking — well pleas'd — thy legs and feet.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

No mean — no common wing shall bear
The two-form'd poet through the air;
Nor longer doom'd on earth to stay,
Will I 'mid envious towns delay.
Not I — not I — who, some proclaim,
From blood of pauper parents came,
Shall, lov'd Mæcenas, breathe my last,
Nor Stygian waves detain me fast.

Rough skin invades my legs below; —
A snowy bird I upwards grow; —
My shoulders and my hands assume
The down of cygnet's softest plume.

Swifter than Icarus shall I soar,
To visit Bosphorus' murmuring shore;
Gætulian Syrtes shall I gain,
And try the Hyperborean plain,
— A bird of sweet melodious strain. —

Colchians and Dacians, who conceal
From Marsian troops the fear they feel,
With wild Geloni — far remote, —
Shall me — their favourite poet — quote;
Alike by learned Spaniard known,
And him who drinks the rapid Rhone.
No dirge my empty tomb profane,
— Indecent grief, or mournful strain —
Suppress your funeral-cries, and save
The needless honours of the grave.

BOOK III.

ODE I.

I HATE — I spurn the vulgar throng!
Attend; — as yet unheard the song,
Which, as the Muse's priest I sing,
— The youths and maidens listening! —

Dread kings their subject vassals sway;
Monarchs themselves great Jove obey:
Supreme! — the giant-quelling god!
All nature trembling at his nod!

Some love their neighbours to outvie
In planting groves; — some fain would try
The field of Mars with nobler aim;
This trusts to virtue or to fame;

That boasts his numerous client-crowd;
But death selects the poor and proud
With equal law; — the spacious urn
Revolves each name in fatal turn.

The wretch, who views the impending sword,
Turns — sickening — from Sicilian board;
Nor song of birds, nor music more
His peaceful slumbers shall restore;

That sweet repose, which gently flies
To close the lowly rustic's eyes;
Which loves sweet Tempe's shadowy vale,
Fann'd by the zephyr's gentlest gale.

The man—content with frugal store—
Dreads not the billows' angry roar,
When fierce Arcturus sets in wrath,
Or Hædus mounts his fiery path:

Nor fears the vine-destroying hail,
Nor lest deceitful crops should fail;
Careless if floods, or wintry breeze,
Or drought invade his tender trees.

Lords of the soil — in wealthy pride —
Encroach upon the ocean tide,
Where structures, rear'd by builders' slaves,
Envy the fish their less'ning waves;

But coward fear and threats betray
Such haughty lords, where'er they stray;
Dark care about the galley glides,
And close behind the horseman rides.

Since then nor Phrygian stone, nor hue
Of glittering mantle's sunniest blue,
Nor juice from deep Falernian bowl,
Nor Persian perfume, soothes the soul,

Why rear the dome in modern taste,
With envy-moving columns grac'd?
Or why exchange my Sabine vale,
The toils of riches to entail?

ODE II.

Let youth, robust in warfare, learn
The straits of poverty to spurn;
Let him the Parthian's furious rage,
A knight, with dreaded spear engage;
Be still our youthful warrior's life
In open air — 'mid scenes of strife.

Him, where some hostile towers arise,
The royal warrior's dame espies,
— Some recent bride — who sighs afar,
Lest — yet alas! unskill'd in war —
Her royal spouse should cross his path,
Or wake the lion-warrior's wrath;
Whose slaughtering steel's insatiate blows
Cleave the red pathway through his foes.

'Tis sweet — 'tis proud for home to die!
Nay, death pursues when cowards fly;
Nor deigns to spare the dastard track
Of trembling knees, and timorous back.
Virtue, disdaining coward flight,
Still shines — with stainless honour bright;
Nor grasps, nor yields her ensigns proud,
As veers the inconstant, fickle crowd.
Virtue, expanding wide the sky
To those who merit not to die,

Through paths untried is wont to bear,
And wing them, heavenward, through the air;
Scorning 'mid vulgar crowds to light,
She spurns the ground with rapid flight.
True silence a reward invites;
Who blazons Ceres' sacred rites
Shall ne'er with me in house abide,
Nor tempt, in fragile bark, the tide:
For Jove — neglected — oft will strike
Guilty and guiltless both alike;
Since vengeance — though deferr'd the time —
Rarely forgets the by-gone crime.

ODE III.

The just — of firm unbending soul —
Nor overbearing crowd's control,
Nor tyrant's brow, in anger bent,
Can shake from his confirm'd intent;

Not Auster, ruling Adria's strand;
Nor Jove's great fulminating hand;
'Mid wreck of worlds, and ruin'd spheres,
Undaunted still his soul appears!
Thus Pollux and Alcides boast
Their seats 'mid heaven's refulgent host;
With whom Augustus now reclines,
Purpling his lip with heavenly wines;
So, Bacchus, for thy merits rare,
Unwonted yoke thy tigers bear;
So Mars supplies his swiftest steeds,
And Romulus from Acheron speeds.

'Twas then, when Juno silence broke,
— The Gods approving as she spoke —
" O, Ilion! Ilion! brought to dust
By fatal judge's wanton lust,
And foreign fair — what time to heaven
Laomedon's false oath was given —
Condemn'd to Pallas and to me
Thy race, — thy leader's perfidy! —

The brilliant guest no more is seen
Of Sparta's fair adulterous queen ;
No more shall Priam's house withstand
— By Hector's aid — the Grecian band ;
Wars — lengthen'd out by discord — cease,
Retiring to give place to peace.
Henceforth my anger shall abate
Towards him — the object of my hate ;
My grandson I to Mars restore,
Whom late the Trojan priestess bore ;
He now to heavenly seats shall haste,
And nectar's brimming goblets taste ;
With gods enroll'd, shall — tranquil — rest
For ever with the immortal blest.
From Rome to Troy while foams the main
— As exiles — let them happy reign ;
While herds insult the marble dust
Of Paris' and of Priam's bust,
Where savage beasts their offspring hide,
The Capitol shall soar in pride ;

And Rome — still fierce in warlike deeds —
Impose its laws on conquer'd Medes;
— Still dreadful — let her name extend
To where earth's distant boundaries end;
Where the mid-ocean, with its tides,
Europe from Africa divides;
Or where the swollen Nilus yields
Its fertile flood to Egypt's fields;
Braver, despising gold, — unfound —
Thus better placed — in secret ground —
Than if exhum'd for man it came,
Profaning every sacred name.
To worlds that dare resist thy sway
Thy troops shall bend their willing way;
Whether wild raging fires are there,
Or clouds and rain o'ercharge the air.

Such fate for warlike Rome I tell,
While Rome observes this caution well;

Let neither piety nor power
Rebuild in Troy the ancestral tower;
Since Fortune, with repeated blow,
Shall lay the ill-omen'd bulwarks low;
While I — Jove's sister and his wife —
Myself will lead the victor-strife;
Thrice should Apollo raise the wall,
Thrice by my Greeks the brass shall fall;
Thrice shall the wife, in captive chain,
Lament her lord — her children slain."

These themes ill suit the jocund lyre; —
Say, whither wouldst thou, Muse, aspire?
Cease — saucy — godlike words to sing,
Nor tune to heaven thy earth-born string.

ODE IV.

TO CALLIOPE.

DESCEND, Calliope, from on high,
To tune a lengthen'd melody;
Whether thy chosen theme inspire
The flute — the voice — or Phœbus' lyre.

Hark! — does some fond illusion near
Deceive me? — still, methinks, I hear;
Still wander through some hallow'd grove,
Where pleasing streams and zephyrs rove.

Me, in Apulian Vultur found,
Beyond my childhood's mountain-bound,
— A boy — asleep — fatigued with game —
The woodland doves, of fabled name,

Once cover'd o'er with verdant leaf;
— A legend, held in unbelief
Through Acherontia, Bantine woods,
And low Ferentum's fertile roods,

That I should slumber sweetly there,
Safe from the viper and the bear;
— Laurel and myrtle o'er me pil'd —
A little god-protected child!

Yours, O ye Muses! yours am I,
Whether the Sabine region high,
Præneste cold, or Tibur's shore,
Or watery Baiæ please me more.

Me, whom your founts and sports delight,
Neither Philippi's fatal fight
Destroy'd, nor yon accursed tree,
Nor Sicily's tempestuous sea.

Attend me; and I'll, willing, brave
Of Bosphorus the madden'd wave;
Or journey o'er the burning sands,
— A wanderer in Assyrian lands:

I'll seek the Briton's faithless shore,
— Concanians, quaffing horses' gore —
The far Geloni — quiver'd race —
And Scythia's stream, unhurt, I'll trace

When Cæsar's bands — the warfare past —
To shelt'ring towns retir'd at last,
With you the mighty chief repos'd,
In sweet Pierian cave enclos'd.

You clemency inspire and love:
Vainly the mighty Titans strove,
— The giant troop — whom Jove's dark ire
Aveng'd with thunderbolt of fire:

Great Jove! who rules, with equal hand,
The windy waves and massive land,
Cities, and Pluto's gloomy reign,
Immortal gods, and mortal men.

That horrid youth — their trust their arms —
Shook Jove himself with fierce alarms;
— The brothers — who the Olympian shade
With lofty Pelion would invade.

What could Typhœus? — Mimas' might? —
Porphyrion what, with threat'ning height? —
Or what could Rhœtus, giant-born? —
Enceladus, darting trees uptorn? —

— All rushing on Minerva's shield! —
Here Vulcan rages for the field;
Here Juno stands; and he whose quiver
And bow hang at his shoulder ever.

Castalian dew-drops gem his hair;
The Lycian groves confess his care;
His native woods Apollo sing,
Of Patara and of Delos king.

Untutor'd force — with bulk too great —
Falls by its own unwieldy weight;
While Jove, whom wanton force offends,
Our well-directed strength extends.

Witness of this, see Gyges stands,
Conspicuous for his hundred hands;
Orion, slain by virgin dart,
— Tempter of Dian's virgin heart.

Heap'd o'er her monsters, Terra lies,
And grieves for every bolt that flies;
Hurling to hell her offspring dire:
Lo! Ætna — unconsum'd by fire!

Crime's jailer there, with vulture's bill,
Mangles lewd Tityus' liver still;
While there three hundred links of chain
Pirithous, the lover, restrain.

ODE V.

THOUGH Jove in thunder rules the sky,
Earth boasts her present deity,
Augustus! forging Britain's chain,
And adding Parthia to his reign.
Has Crassus' soldier dragg'd his life,
Base husband of barbarian wife?
Has Marsian, and Apulian bold,
On farm of hostile sire grown old,
(Oh! senate! morals chang'd indeed!)
Forgetful — under royal Mede —
Of sacred shield, of gown, and name
And Vesta's never-dying flame,

While Jove and Rome still safety find? —
Spurning such crimes, the thoughtful mind
Of Regulus with scorn disdain'd.
To sanction terms by baseness stain'd;
— A foul example of disgrace,
The bane of every future race; —
Unless our youth in dungeon gloom
— Unpitied — meet the captive's doom.

"I've seen," said he, "our standards fly
In Carthaginian temples high;
Weapons from soldiers snatch'd — undy'd —
— Their freeborn arms behind them tied —
The Punic gates unclos'd, and farms
Retill'd — once ravag'd by our arms.
But will the ransom'd soldier come
Braver or better to his home?
Loss and disgrace! — the wool we stain
Shall ne'er its snowy hue regain;

So, genuine valour — once repress'd —
Scorns to remount the coward's breast.
When timid hind, releas'd from snares,
Shall turn on the pursuers' spears,
Let Carthage dread the second blow
Of him, who bent to faithless foe,
Who tamely felt the fetters tie
His craven arms, yet fear'd to die;
Who — to preserve his dastard life —
Mingled inglorious peace with strife.
O shame! O Carthage, rais'd on high,
Great from Italia's infamy!"

He spoke; — and, tainted by disgrace,
Repuls'd his gentle wife's embrace,
— His little sons; — then, bending low
To earth his stern, yet manly brow,
With counsel ne'er before attain'd
The senate's wavering voice he gain'd;

And — deaf to weeping friends' lament —
Hasted to glorious banishment :
Though knowing well the fate he dar'd
Barbarian torture had prepar'd ;
He put aside, with gentle force,
The kindred crowd, that check'd his course ;
As when — the tedious lawsuit done —
Through client-crowd he wander'd on,
Amid Venafran groves to stray,
Or by Tarentum's Spartan bay.

ODE VI.

TO THE ROMANS.

ROMAN — though guiltless — thine the fate
Thy fathers' crimes to expiate ;
Till shrines, rebuilt, adorn thy plains,
And smoke no more the god profanes.

Thy vaunted power — thy reign was given,
For lowliness to gods and heaven;
These claim thy prayers — the war begun, —
Thy grateful thanks — the victory won.
The gods — contemn'd — misfortunes pour
Upon Hesperia's hapless shore.
Monæses now and Pacorus' hordes
Have twice repell'd our luckless swords;
Whose petty collars vainly boast
A booty by the Roman lost.
Rome all but bent — sedition's prey —
To Dacian, and to Æthiop sway;
This, famous in the naval fight,
That, for his arrow's winged flight.

Fertile in crime, the times disgrace
The marriage bed — our homes — our race;
And slaughter, flowing from this source,
O'er Rome and Romans holds its course.

The virgin, as her years advance,
Delights to learn the Ionian dance ;
Her childish limbs she — graceful — moves,
And meditates unhallow'd loves.
Soon — while her lord his revel keeps —
To younger arms the adulteress leaps ;
Not choosing whom — when quench'd the lights —
To lawless rapture she invites ;
But ready at each call to rise,
Before her husband's conscious eyes,
If factor, or if Spanish mate
Buy the disgrace at precious rate.

A youth, from parents unlike these,
With Punic blood distain'd our seas,
The great Antiochus o'erthrew,
And Hannibal and Pyrrhus slew :
— A rustic soldiery from their birth —
Who turn'd with Sabine spade the earth ;

Or, groaning under piles of wood,
Obey'd a mother's rigorous mood;
What time the mountain shadows change,
And loosen'd oxen love to range;
As Phœbus — with retiring wheels —
Points where the grateful evening steals.
What does not threatening time presage?
Worse than their sires', our fathers' age
Produc'd ourselves still worse — in time
To blush for sons more stain'd by crime.

ODE VII.

TO ASTERIE.

Why weeps Asterie? why deplore
Whom spring's first zephyrs shall restore,
Blest with Bithynian freight? — a youth,
Thy Gyges, of inviolate truth!

To Oricum, by Notus driven,
— The raging goat-star high in heaven; —
Of thee he dreams on beds of snow
— The tears congealing as they flow. —

His amorous hostess sends to tell
How Chloë loves her guest too well;
How all thy fires within her blaze,
And tempts him in a thousand ways;

Tells him a perjur'd woman wove
The wicked lie, which Prœtus drove
— Credulous — the death to hasten on
Of the too chaste Bellerophon;

How Peleus risk'd his virtuous life,
When — chaste — he fled Acastus' wife;
Teaching him other tales, that win
The listening stripling on to sin.

In vain: — unharm'd — each tale he mocks,
— More deaf than the Icarian rocks. —
But thou to fond Enipeus' sighs
Accord no neighbour's sympathies;

Though none, superior, guides the horse,
Nor shines, more brilliant, in the course;
Nor — when he breasts the Etrurian tides —
More swiftly through the water glides.

At night-fall close the door — nor peep,
When plaintive pipe assails thy sleep;
And still inflexible remain,
Howe'er of harshness he complain.

ODE VIII.

TO MÆCENAS.

In the Calends of March what — unmarried — I do,
Why my censer breathes incense, why flowerets I strew —
And why coals on live turf are dispos'd, you would seek,
And you wonder — though skill'd both in Latin and Greek. —
To Bacchus a feast, and white goat I decree,
Having lately escap'd from the fall of a tree;
This day shall be kept, as the season comes round,
And the cork shall be drawn — though with pitch it is bound; —
The cask has drunk smoke in the cellar below,
Since Tullus was consul — some lustres ago! —

To my safety a hundred deep bumpers you'll take,
And bid the lamps watch, till the morn is awake.
Far — far be all clamour, and anger unkind;
And the cares of the city dismiss from your mind.
Now Cotison's army from Dacia is foil'd,
And the Mede in a war with himself is embroil'd;
The Spanish Cantabrian serves us at last,
Whose chain — though not easy to rivet — is fast;
The Scythians on quitting the field are intent,
Their courage is cool'd, and their bows are unbent.
Then anxious no more how the populace fare,
Bid adieu to the office, and statesman-like care,
But joyfully seize on the boons of to-day,
And — like me — drive all serious business away.

ODE IX.

TO LYDIA.

HORACE.

WHILST I was welcome still to thee,
Nor any youth — preferr'd to me —
Round thy white neck his arms might fling,
I liv'd — more blest than Persia's king.

LYDIA.

Whilst thine no other — warmer flame —
Nor Lydia after Chloë came,
Thy Lydia then to fame had grown,
— More than the Roman Ilia known.

HORACE.

The Thracian Chloë rules me now,
Skill'd in the lyre's melodious flow;
For whom I'd die; — would Fate but save
Her soul — surviving — from the grave.

LYDIA.

Me now the Thurian Calaïs fires
With mutual torch of soft desires;
For whom I twice would die, to save
My boy — surviving — from the grave.

HORACE.

But what if Love, with brazen chain,
Unite our sever'd hearts again?
If fair-hair'd Chloë — lov'd no more —
To banish'd Lydia yield the door?

LYDIA.

Though he is brighter than a star,
Thou, than the light cork lighter far,
— Wilder than Adria's faithless sea —
I'll live, nay willing, die — with thee!

ODE X.

TO LYCE.

LYCE, for thee if Scythian Tanais pour'd
Its distant stream — some savage man thy lord —
Still might thy amorous swain compassion find,
— Stretch'd at thy door, and freezing in the wind.—
Hark! how the hinges creak! — the tasteful trees,
That grace thy mansion, whistle in the breeze!
See how the settled snow, with cold intense,
Is glaz'd by Jove's congealing influence!
Lay then thy haughty insolence aside,
Lest Venus punish thy offending pride;
Lest every charm, in anger'd haste, she steal,
— Swift as the loosen'd rope revolves the wheel: —
Not Lyce, glowing warm with Tuscan blood,
Should feign Penelope's relentless mood.

Oh! though nor presents, prayers, nor lover's cheek
Of pallid hue — with violets' mingling streak —
Nor husband — wounded by Pierian fair —
To pity bend, oh! yet thy suppliant spare;
Thou, than the sturdy oak less form'd to break,
With mind less pitying than the Moorish snake!
Not always will this weary side sustain
Thy cruel threshold, and this pelting rain.

ODE XI.

TO MERCURY.

MERCURY, by whose tuneful aid,
The rocks Amphion's voice obey'd,
And thou, my lyre, whose music floats
— In melody — from seven sweet notes,
— Though once neglected — now thy strains,
Harmonious, swell at feasts and fanes —

Oh ! teach me measures soft and sweet,
Which Lyde's stubborn ears may greet;
Who — as a three-year filly — bounds
Along the extended pasture-grounds;
And flies — as yet unripe to wait
The approaches of an amorous mate.

Tigers and forests own thy sway;
The rapid streams thy powers delay;
Huge Cerberus, at Pluto's hall,
Submitted to thy pleasing thrall;
Though—fierce—his head the monster shakes,
Infuriate with a thousand snakes;
And poison from his triple tongue
Pours its infected steam along;
While Tityus', and Ixion's face
Soft smiles — although reluctant — grace;
And Danaus' girls — enraptur'd — turn,
Leaving awhile the empty urn.

Let Lyde note, with ear intent,
The virgins' crime, and punishment;
How perforated jars they fill,
— For ever pouring, empty still! —
Eternity pursuing crime,
The murderous deeds perform'd in time!
Impious! — for where a greater guilt
Than husband's blood by woman spilt? —
One only worthily had borne
The nuptial torch, — to her sire forsworn; —
Illustrious, nobly-perjur'd dame!
Renown'd through every age thy fame!
"Rise," to her youthful lord she said,
"Arise, lest sleep's eternal shade
Descend from unsuspected ire;
Deceive my sisters, and my sire.
— As lioness on the bull-calf preys —
So each alas! a husband slays;
But I — less fierce — no sword will stain,
Nor thee within these walls detain:

Let me my father's fetters bear,
Because my hapless lord I spare;
Or let his fleet their captive place
Among the extreme Numidian race;
Go, where propitious gales invite,
Shielded by Venus, and the night;
Go — blest — and with this tale of gloom
Inscribe thy memory, and my tomb."

ODE XII.

TO NEOBULE.

Ah! hapless maidens! — whom an uncle's brow
Forbids the fond delights of love to know!
Forbids with wine to crown the lover's joy! —
Thee, Neobule, Cytherea's boy,
Robs of thy loom — Minerva's busy art
Neglected now for lovely Hebrus' heart;

When, fair, displaying in his beauty's pride
The anointed shoulder fresh from Tiber's tide;
Than fam'd Bellerophon a braver knight;
First in the race, and fiercest in the fight!
Matchless his skill to strike the flying deer,
When startled herds along the plain appear;
Or, if perchance the bolder chase he dare,
The boar in covert fastness to ensnare.

ODE XIII.

TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

BANDUSIAN fount, whose waters stray
— Brighter than glass—along their way;
Worthy of flowers, and generous wine,
A kid to-morrow shall be thine,

Whose shooting horns his vigour prove,
Portentous both of fight and love:
In vain, alas! — thy limpid stream shall pour,
Empurpled deeply with the wanton's gore.

The raging dog-star's fiery beam,
— Harmless — descends upon thy stream;
To thee the unyok'd oxen fly,
And wandering flocks thy coolness try:
Of noblest fountains shalt thou be,
Since Flaccus sings thy oaken tree,
Whose pleasing shade o'erhangs the rocky cave,
Whence — bounding — leaps thy babbling crystal
wave.

ODE XIV.

TO THE ROMANS.

ROMANS, Augustus, having sought
The wreath by death and danger bought,
—Like great Alcides—now from Spain,
Victorious, seeks his gods again.
Let the fond wife, who welcomes home
The peerless lord of princely Rome,
— Her sacred rites perform'd — appear
With fair Octavia moving near;
There let the matrons crown their hair,
—The mothers of the brave and fair —
While suppliant fillets grace the brow
For youths and maids — in safety now :
Nor let the dark, ill-omen'd word
Among the youthful crowd be heard.

For me — this truly festive day
Desponding care shall drive away;
While Cæsar yet on earth appears,
Nor death nor tumults wake my fears.
Bring odours—wreaths—and wine, whose seal
And date the Marsian war reveal;
If yet a cask remains to us,
Untapp'd by wandering Spartacus:
And bid Neæra—tuneful maid!—
In simple knot her tresses braid;
But should her porter cause delay,
Then tarry not, — but haste away;
The hoary hairs of after life
Dissuade the one-time welcome strife;
Not tamely thus my pulses beat
When Plancus fill'd the consul's seat.

ODE XV.

TO CHLORIS.

Of pauper Ibicus the wife,
Quit — quit at length thy wanton life;
With less of infamy behave,
— More fitted for the timely grave! —

Cease with young virgins to appear,
— A cloud upon the starry sphere; —
Not what fair Pholoë may adorn,
By thee, old Chloris, can be worn.

Thy daughter at our doors may beat,
By timbrel rous'd to Thyan heat;
On Nothus — passionate — she doats;
— So love, so frisk the wanton goats.

But thee Lucerian fleeces suit
— Hag as thou art! — and not the lute,
Nor leaf of roses, purple-stain'd,
Nor hogsheads to the bottom drain'd!

ODE XVI.

TO MÆCENAS.

DANAË, enclos'd in tower of brass,
Portals of oak forbid to pass;
While watchful dogs fit guard supply
Against the lover's midnight sigh:
Till Jove and Venus — laughing — hail
The keeper of the virgin's jail —
Acrisius — auguring well the road
Would open to the golden god.
Gold through the midst of guards has pass'd,
Shivering the rocks, with lightning's blast:

The Grecian augur's house, they tell,
Destroy'd by filthy lucre, fell:
The Macedonian cleft the gates,
Corrupting rival towns and states
By bribery, whose seductive sway
Our fiercest naval chiefs obey.

Care follows wealth's increasing store,
— Care and the burning thirst for more! —
Justly, O pride of knights, I dread
To lift the far-conspicuous head:
The more we to ourselves deny,
The more the bounteous gods supply.
Though poor, from avarice still I hide,
And love to quit the rich man's side;
Of narrow means a lord more proud,
Than if, whate'er the Apulian plough'd
My well-stor'd granary should hold,
— A pauper amid piles of gold! —

A stream — a wood of moderate size —
— A trust in harvest's kind supplies —
Such bliss be mine! — O happy lot!
Africa's ruler knows thee not.

No honey brings Calabrian bee,
No wine, in Formian cask, for me
— Mellowing — improves; no fattening fleece
The Gallic pastures, rich, increase;
Yet troubling want avoids my door,
And *you* would give — should *I* ask more.
Better increase my income scant,
By circumscribing what I want,
Than could I Alyattes' reign
Extend to the Mygdonian plain.
Who covet most, most want; — how blest,
By Jove's spare hand of just enough possess'd!

ODE XVII.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

ÆLIUS, whose honour'd line and name
— Ennobled — from old Lamus came;
From whom the ancient Lamian race
Descent, through faithful records, trace!

From him thy birth whom legend calls
Prince of the ancient Formian walls;
Far ruling o'er Marica's coast,
Where Liris' flowing waves are lost.

Unless the raven croaks in vain,
— The ancient prophetess of rain —
Our woods and coast to-morrow's storm
With leaves, and sea-weed shall deform.

Pile up the logs: — 'tis dry to-day: —
Wine shall to-morrow's cares allay;
Thy board supplied with two-month pork,
Thy household slaves releas'd from work!

ODE XVIII.

TO FAUNUS.

FAUNUS, of flying nymphs the swain,
My boundaries, and the shady plain
— Gentle — approach; but come not nigh
My little favour'd nursery;

If falls a tender kid each year,
And bumpers flow — to Venus dear! —
And still, above the ancient shrine,
The smoke and frankincense combine.

The cattle sport along the plain,
To hail December's nones again ;
The festive village roams the lea,
With oxen — now from labour free ;

While lambs — unscar'd — the wolf espy ;
And woods their scatter'd leaves supply ;
And thrice the toil-worn rustics beat
The hated earth with gladsome feet.

ODE XIX.

TO TELEPHUS.

From Inachus what lustres sped,
Till Codrus for his country bled,
With Æacus' majestic race,
And sacred Ilion's wars, you trace.

But for the price of Chian wine . . . .
Who finds the house, where we may dine . . . .
When these Pelignian frosts shall cease . . . .
Who heats the bath . . . . you hold your peace !

Here's to the young moon's crescent bright !
Now, boy, a bumper to the night !
Now to Murena !—three or nine
Be fill'd our cups, as guests incline ;
Your bard, who loves the uneven Muses,
Three times three — enraptur'd — chooses ;
The Graces fear such boisterous pleasures,
And limit us to triple measures.
Still let me rave ! — why, why are mute
The breathings of the Phrygian flute ?
Why hangs it with the silent lyre ?
I hate such niggard hands ; — fling higher !
Fling roses up !—our noisy cheer
Let envious Lycus, listening, hear,
With her — his ill-match'd neighbour near.

Thee, Telephus, with thy thick hair bright,
— Like vesper clear, in early night —
Ripe Chloë seeks; — me the desire
Of Glycera burns with lingering fire.

ODE XX.

TO PYRRHUS.

Dost thou not all the peril feel
From Libyan lion her whelps to steal?
Soon, Pyrrhus, soon, in timid flight,
The ravisher shall shun the fight;

When, through opposing rival bands,
Her fair Nearchus she demands;
A contest, if the fight confer
The lovely prize on thee or her;

While at thy side swift arrows hang,
While whets the nymph her dreaded fang,
The umpire smiles in careless calm,
And spurns, with naked foot, the palm;

Refreshing, with the gentle air,
His shoulder — spread with perfum'd hair:
So Nireus— so the stripling smil'd
From Ida's watery brow beguil'd.

ODE XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

My honour'd cask, whose birth may date
— Like mine — from Manlius' consulate;
Whether sweet sleep, complaint, or jest,
Or love's wild frolics suit thee best;

Whatever be the favour'd name
Thy chosen Massic juice may claim;
Well worthy thy empurpled store
Upon some festal morn to pour,
Descend — Corvinus comes to dine,
And bids me draw my mellowest wine.
Though quaffing deep Socratic lore,
He does not — stern — reject thy store;
For e'en the ancient Cato's soul
Oft warm'd her virtue in the bowl.

Thy violent, but pleasing sway
Drives every gloomy care away:
Thou and the jolly god reveal
Counsels, and cares the wise conceal.
Vigour and hope 'tis thine to give —
To bid the poor man boldly live;
Who, when the god his bosom warms,
Nor monarch fears, nor war's alarms.

Here Bacchus, Venus, and the Graces
— Entwin'd in sisterly embraces —
And living lamps prolong thy sway,
Till Phœbus drives the stars away.

ODE XXII.

TO DIANA.

MOUNTAIN guardian ! woodland-maid !
Priestess of the sylvan shade !
Thrice invok'd, 'mid labour's throe,
Warding death's impending blow !

Three-form'd goddess ! let the pine,
Hanging o'er my roof, be thine !
Thine the annual boar to claim
Meditating sidelong aim !

ODE XXIII.

TO PHIDYLE.

If suppliant hands to Heaven you threw,
My Phidyle, when the moon was new;
If incense, fruits, and ravening swine
Should grace thy Lares' sacred shrine;

Nor poisonous south thy vine should taste,
Nor barren blight thy corn-fields waste;
Nor thy sweet plants the season fear,
Which threatens the autumnal year.

The victim in Algidian snows,
Or which by oak, or holm-tree grows,
Or rich Albanian pastures feed,
Beneath the priestly knife shall bleed.

Not thine with flocks of slaughter'd sheep
The favour of the gods to keep,
Crowning their little sculptur'd brows
With rosemary, and myrtle-boughs :

Has guiltless hand the altar press'd ?
Not victim's brow — with fillets dress'd —
Shall easier Heaven's compassion wake
Than crackling salt, and holy cake.

ODE XXIV.

TO THE COVETOUS MAN.

THOUGH wealthier than the unrifled store
Of Araby, or the Indian shore ;
Though Tuscan, or Apulian tide
Thy deeply-laid foundations hide ;

If Fate, with adamantine nail,
— Cruel — thy proudest domes assail,
Still quails thy coward mind with dread,
Death's snares still haunt thine abject head.
Better the plain-born Scythian fares,
Whose wandering house a waggon bears;
Or Getæ rough, whose boundless plain,
Spontaneous, yields its fruits and grain;
Whose tillage tedious would appear
For longer than a single year;
Who share alike the unmeasur'd soil —
Alike divide the farmer's toil.
Here the new wife to orphans' sighs
A mother's loss and love supplies;
No portion'd dame commands her spouse,
Nor trusts the sleek adulterer's vows:
Parental virtue is their dower,
And chastity — that timid flower,
Shrinking from touch impure — the vice
Or all unknown, — or death the price!

If any, anxious to assuage
Unholy slaughter's civil rage,
Would for himself a statue claim,
— "The father of the state," his name —
Let him — to after-ages known —
Curb the wild licence of his own;
Since living virtues faintly bloom,
But rise — immortal — from the tomb.
But what avails such sad lament,
While guilt escapes its punishment?
— Vain laws, where morals are unknown! —
Since, nor the raging fiery zone,
Nor distant north, with snow-clad ground,
Narrows the busy merchant's round.
The skilful sailor stems the seas,
And, fearless, braves the ocean-breeze;
While poverty — that dire disgrace! —
Still bids us every danger face;
Each toil — each suffering to essay, —
Deserting virtue's arduous way.

Let us to Capitolian height,
Whither the applauding crowds invite,
Or in the billows, raging near,
Cast all our gems, and glittering gear:
There too our useless gold we'll throw,
— Material foul of heaviest woe.—
Wouldst thou repent each sordid vice?
Uproot the seeds of avarice:
Let minds, of too effeminate mould,
Grow, by severer studies, bold.
Scarce knows our noble youth the pace
Of the proud steed, — but fears the chace;
More skill'd the Grecian troque to ply,
Or sport with law-forbidden die.
The perjur'd falsehoods of the sire
Against his dearest trusts conspire,
Hastening a fortune to prepare,
— Amass'd for his unworthy heir: —
But, though his ill-got hoards increase,
Some nameless want still mars his peace.

ODE XXV.

TO BACCHUS.

SAY, whither urge me, god of wine,
O'erflowing now with thee and thine?
Where shall my mind's unwonted fire
To hidden shades or groves retire?
What caves shall hear me meditate
On Cæsar's proud, immortal state,
High in the starry realms above,
— The council-seat of thundering Jove? —
Sublime and new my verse shall flow,
— Unheard before — unsung till now.

Bacchante thus, with sleepless eyes,
Starts — beholding with surprise
Hæbrus, and Thrace's snowy seat,
And Rhodope, trod by barbarous feet.

How in my wandering mood I love
The rock abrupt — the silent grove —
Great deity! whose powerful sway
Naiads, and Bacchanals obey,
Whose hands the uprooted ash o'erthrow! —
Now nothing little, nothing low,
Nothing mortal I recite;
Danger fills me with delight,
Bacchus, while with thee I twine
The reckless brow with verdant vine.

ODE XXVI.

TO VENUS.

Fit for the girls of late my life!
Campaign of no inglorious strife!
But now my arms and war-tir'd string
To Venus' eastern wall I bring;

Here, where the goddess — sidelong — smiles,
Heap up the torches' glittering piles;
Here bring the bars and bows, no more
To threaten the resisting door.

Goddess! to whom fair Cyprus bows,
And Memphis — free from Thracian snows, —
Great queen! thy high-rais'd lash I call,
On haughty Chloë once to fall!

ODE XXVII.

TO GALATEA, ABOUT TO SAIL.

LET wolf from Lanuvinian mead,
Or fox with whelp, the impious lead;
Let omens of the chattering jay,
And pregnant bitch, perplex the way;

Let serpents break the appointed course,
Crossing — like darts — the affrighted horse;
While I, with augur's prudent care,
The raven rouse in eastward prayer,

Before the bird — portending rain —
Shall seek the stagnant pools again.
Still blest may Galatea be,
And mindful still of love — and me!

Nor wandering crow, nor luckless pye,
Across her course — portentous — fly!
Orion's slanting rays I fear —
Mark, how he trembles in his sphere!

Well know I Adria's darkening seas,
And fair Iapyx' treacherous breeze.
Let wives and children of our foes
Tremble when rising Auster blows;

When blacken'd billows, fearful, roar,
And lash, with furious stroke, the shore.
'Twas thus Europa dar'd confide
To the feign'd bull her snowy side:

Blanch'd her bold cheek — the fraud display'd —
As ocean's monsters she survey'd;
Who late to flowers her care confin'd,
And chaplets meet for nymphs to bind,

Now nothing through the night espies
But boundless waves, and starry skies;
Who, when she touch'd the Cretan coasts,
— Crete, which a hundred cities boasts! —

"Father!" she cried — with fury wild —
"Oh! piety! — oh! lost name of child!
Whence, whither come? — one death alone
Can scarce a virgin's fault atone.

"Do I — awake — my crime deplore?
Or, flying from the ivory door,
Does some vain phantom coin the dream,
When — guiltless still — I guilty seem?

"Why — why through boundless oceans roam?
Why quit the flowery meads of home?
Oh! were this monster near, to feel
The wrath of my avenging steel!

"Oh! might these hands but rend in spite
Those horns — so lately my delight! —
Shameless — from father's house I stray;
Shameless — my doom I yet delay.

"Oh! if the immortals hear my prayer,
Might I with lions wander — bare —
Before my comely cheeks decay,
And moisture leaves its tender prey!

"Still fresh in beauty — fresh in youth,
Thus would I brave the tiger's tooth.
'Why, vile Europa,' seems to cry
My absent sire, 'why fear to die?

"'Yon ashen boughs their aid afford,
Thy zone supplies the friendly cord;
Or, if the impaling rocks thou'lt dare,
Spring boldly on the pathless air:

"'Or — abject — live to labour hard,
Condemn'd a mistress' wool to card;
And — though of royal blood — to pine
With barbarous dame — a concubine!'"

Here Venus, with her treacherous smile,
And Love — his bow unbent the while —
Approach'd the plaintive maid, distress'd
— Half-mocking first — then thus address'd:

"Let wrath no more, nor passion burn;
This hated bull shall yet return,
And offer the offending horn,
By thee — revengeful — to be torn.

"Know thyself now the thunderer's bride;
Unworthy wailings lay aside;
Learn to endure thy brilliant fame,
Since half the globe shall bear thy name."

ODE XXVIII.

TO LYDE.

What better plan for Neptune's day?
Come, lively Lyde, bring, I pray,
Old Cæcuban; and strike — strike hard
At Wisdom — ever on her guard!

The sun descends the noontide hill;
And yet—as if the day stood still—
From store how slowly you produce
The cask, that dates from Bibulus!
Let Neptune now inspire our song,
And now the green-hair'd Nereïd-throng;
Latona shall thy strings inspire,
And Cynthia's darts awake thy lyre.
Sing last the laughter-loving queen
Of Cnidian bowers, and Paphian scene,
Whose twin-yok'd swans becalm the seas,
That wash the shining Cyclades:
Then let the mirth-inspiring night
A song of grateful praise invite!

ODE XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

Scion of proud Tyrrhenian kings,
See what thy favourite poet brings;
Generous wine from choicest store,
For thee reserv'd — untapp'd before!
Rose-leaves, and ointment press'd with care,
Mæcenas, to adorn thy hair.
Come, delay not; — stay no more
To gaze on Tibur's humid shore;
On Æsula — those acres won
By parricidal Telegon; —
Fly the rich feast — the buildings high,
Whose towering columns touch the sky;
Fly from the splendour of thy home,
The smoke — the wealth — the noise of Rome;

For pleasing change, the wealthy share
Their poorer neighbour's cottage-fare;
And throw aside the pomp of gloom,
In little, snug, uncurtain'd room.

Now burning Cepheus mounts the sky,
Now Procyon's beams are raging high;
While angry Leo's fiery rays
Proclaim the drought of summer days.
The shepherds, with their panting care,
To the dark river's shade repair;
Sitting beneath the shadowy bough,
Whose leaves the wind disturbs not now.
But still my patron's cares arise
For Rome, and Rome's high destinies,
For troublous Tanais, and Cathay,
And Bactria, owning Cyrus' sway.

Great Jove in night prefers to hide
Whate'er the future may betide;

And smiles, when mortal's anxious tear
Betrays too much a mortal's fear.
Give present sorrows present care;
The rest let time's deep river bear:
The tranquil stream now calmly glides
On towards Etruria's ocean-tides;
Now — rapid — carries in its fall
Rocks, cattle, houses, mountains — all;
As the fierce whirlpool's roaring flood
Re-echoes through the neighbouring wood.
Happy the mortal who can say,
Sincerely, "I have liv'd to day;
Nor care I if the approaching morn
With sunshine or with clouds may dawn;"
Whate'er the aspect of to-morrow,
It cannot cloud to-day with sorrow;
Nor can misfortune's withering blast
Recal or chill the happy past.

Fortune — who loves her cruel trade —
Pointing how faithless honours fade —
Her wanton game persists to play,
— Thy friend to-morrow, mine to-day!
I praise her when her gift she brings;
But, if she spreads her rapid wings,
That gift I willingly resign,
Esteeming nought, but virtue, mine;
While honest poverty I claim,
Unpension'd by the fickle dame.
When winds and waves are raging high,
To coward prayer I scorn to fly;
Nor offer useless vows to save
My treasure from the thirsty wave.
Then blithely I, perchance, shall float
Safe in my little two-oar'd boat—
By Pollux and the favouring breeze
Wafted across the Ægean seas.

ODE XXX.

I HAVE rais'd a proud structure, enduring as brass,
And more lofty than Egypt's pyramidal mass,
Which nor rain, nor the impotent north can o'er-
throw,
Nor the passage of seasons—as swiftly they flow.
I shall not all die; — for a part of me yet
Shall escape the dark stream, that compels to forget;
I perchance may increase, by the fame of my lays,
— For ever renew'd in posterity's praise.
From the capitol's summit my name shall extend,
While the priest and the virgin in silence ascend;
Renown'd where loud Aufidus lashes the shore,
And where shallow Daunus rul'd warriors of yore;
Once humble — now proud the Æolian rhyme
To have set to the measures of Italy's clime.
Assume, then, sweet Muse, all pride that is thine,
And my hair with the Delphian laurel entwine.

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

TO VENUS.

WHY, Venus, after long delay,
Why — why again new wars essay?
Oh, spare me, I beseech thee, spare;
I am not now — ah! would I were! —
Such as kind Cinara could inspire;
Cease, cruel queen of soft desire,
Cease with too gentle chain to bind
Whom twice five lustres leave behind.
Go where more youthful prayers invoke —
With purple swans — thy airy yoke! —

And wouldst thou pierce a fitter heart,
Let Paulus' tender bosom smart;
A noble, and a comely youth,
Who pleads the anxious cause of truth!
He, of each gentle art the pride,
Thy myrtle-wreaths shall scatter wide;
And when—in simple charms—he smiles
At wealthier rivals' fruitless guiles,
Thy statue, near the Alban stream,
He'll guard with many a citron beam.
There shall the fragrant incense rise,
While soothing strains the lyre supplies,
— Mingling with Berecynthian flute —
Nor is the reed — harmonious — mute.
There twice a day the youths shall raise
— With tender maids — thy votive praise;
And thrice — like Salian priests—shall beat
The jocund earth with shining feet.

But me nor woman fair, nor boy,
Nor the fond hope of mutual joy,
Nor wine's contention pleases now;
Nor with fresh flowers to bind my brow.
But why, ah! Ligurinus, why
Do tears at times bedew mine eye?
Why does my fluent tongue refuse
Its wonted eloquence to use?
Oft at the midnight hour I seem
To clasp thee in the illusive dream,
To chase thee flying o'er the Campus wide,
Or — cruel — gliding o'er the rolling tide.

ODE II.

TO ANTONIUS IULUS.

THE bard, who would like Pindar sing,
Iulus, strives with waxen wing,
— Like Icarus, who fondly gave
His name to the cerulean wave.

As rush the swollen rivers down,
By rains beyond their boundaries grown,
So foams the deep-mouth'd Pindar's song,
So rushes — measureless — along:

Secure Apollo's wreath to bear,
Or if, with new-coin'd terms, he dare
The boldest dithyrambic verse,
And lawless numbers to rehearse;

Or if to gods his songs extend,
And monarchs, who from gods descend,
Who dealt the monster-centaurs death,
And quench'd Chimæra's fiery breath;

Or if he sing the Elean prize,
Which raises to the loftiest skies,
Or wrestler bold, or conquering steed,
—Great Pindar's muse their proudest meed!—

Or the young lord if he deplore,
Whom death from weeping fair-one bore,
Whose strength—whose mind—whose golden days
Quit Orcus now for Pindar's lays.

Dircæan swans the breezes bear,
Through floating clouds, in highest air;
But, like the small Matinian bee,
Who toils, Antonius, patiently,

And labours, with industrious lip,
The flower of grateful thyme to sip,
So, round the shades where Tiber flows,
Laborious verses I compose.

Thou — poet of superior lays —
Great Cæsar's laurel'd brow shalt praise,
Whene'er, upon the sacred height,
He drags in chains Sicambrian might;

Than whom the Fates, or gods on earth
Have nought bestow'd of greater birth,
Nor e'er shall give, though, as of old,
The earth resume its pristine gold.

Thou shalt the festive days proclaim,
The joyous city's public game
For Cæsar's safety — Cæsar's life, —
The forum, freed from legal strife!

My voice its tribute then shall bring,
— If aught I worthily may sing —
" O blest, O lauded day," my strain,
" Which brings Augustus home again!"

" Io triumphe!" be our song,
Repeated, as we move along:
And frankincense — in plenty strew'd —
Shall prove to heaven our gratitude.

For thee ten bulls — ten heifers bleed —
My vows a tender steerling need,
Which now without its mother strays,
And in the fattening pasture plays:

Like the young moon his bending horns,
When her third rising feebly dawns;
His brow displays a spot like snow,
A dun his limbs and body show.

ODE III.

TO MELPOMENE.

He, whom the Muses, at his birth,
Welcom'd, with favouring glance, to earth,
No victor's laurel-crown shall claim,
— A wrestler from the Isthmian game: —
For him no rapid courser flies,
To bear away the Olympic prize;
Nor, from the Capitolian height,
Shall crowds proclaim the conquering knight,
His brows with Delian wreath adorn'd,
For monarchs quell'd, and menace scorn'd.
But Tiber's waters, as they glide
Along the river's fertile side,
And leafy groves the bard shall praise,
Fam'd for his sweet Æolian lays.

The sons of Rome — the towery queen,
Wide ruling o'er Italia's scene —
Have wreath'd with bays their poet's brow,
Whom envious malice harms not now.

Pierian Muse, attuning well
The concord of the gilded shell,
Who to mute fishes couldst decree
The swan's expiring melody,
Thy gift it is, that all admire
The bard who tunes the Roman lyre;
By thee I breathe — and if it be
My numbers please — they please by thee.

ODE IV.

As thunder's minister (the royal bird,
On whom great Jove—the sire of gods—conferr'd
The rule o'er feather'd tribes—the well-earn'd meed
Of heavenward flight with fair-hair'd Ganymede)
First youthful buoyancy and native might
Draws from his nest—unconscious yet of flight—
Then—wintry tempests o'er—the gales of spring
Teach him, half-scar'd, to try the unwonted wing;
Soon, soaring wide in strength's impetuous glow,
Downwards he wheels,—of grazing flocks the foe;—
Now thirst of prey and love of fight awake
His fierce encounters with the struggling snake:—
Or, as the goat, whom smiling pastures please,
When the young lion's first approach she sees,

— Driven from the dug, his tawny dam's supply —
Fears by the monster's half-grown tooth to die :
So did Vindelici, and Rhæti bold,
Drusus in arms, beneath the Alps, behold.
But whence their custom came, through many a year,
In the right hand the Amazon-axe to bear,
Not yet the bard hath ventur'd to explore ;
(For who can fathom learning's various store ?)—
Those bands — so long victorious in the field —
To youthful counsels forc'd at length to yield,
Perceiv'd what mind — what genius could effect,
Which fostering care and favouring roof protect ;
What Cæsar's love, which Nero's children share,
Who own the father's in the monarch's care.

Brave from the brave — from good the good descends —
The steer and steed their sire's renown attends ;
Nor may the proud, ferocious bird of Jove
Beget the gentle and unwarlike dove.

But still by learning genius is refin'd,
And strengthening discipline improves the mind;
Where absent morals yield their vacant place,
Vices and crimes our natural good disgrace.
What you, O Rome, to conquering Neros owe,
Metaurus' stream and vanquish'd Carthage show,
And that propitious day to Latium's shore,
When darkness held its hated reign no more;
With victory's smile its early dawning glow'd,
— What time through Latian towns the Libyan rode —
So flame through pine-trees — kindling from the breeze —
So Eurus riots in Sicilian seas.
Henceforth the Roman name was doom'd to rise,
— Their youth adorn'd with prosperous enterprise —
And temples, wasted by the Punic sword,
Boasted their shrines — their sculptur'd gods restored. —

At length perfidious Hannibal might say,
"Like timid stags, of ravening wolves the prey,
We — willing — follow now the conquering host;
To foil, or fly them were our proudest boast!
That nation, which, from Ilion's raging flame,
Of old, to sweet Ausonia's cities came;
Successful still — though toss'd on Tuscan wave —
Their gods — their sons — their aged sires to save!
So the lopp'd oak from woodman's cruel wound,
In Algidum, where darkening shades abound,
Still every loss — still every blow survives —
And strength and vigour from the steel derives.
Not more did Hydra on Alcides gain,
— Strong from its maims, and scorning to be slain —
Nor Echionian Thebes, nor Colchian shore
Produc'd a monster to be dreaded more.
Sink — sink it deep, a fairer form it shows;
Contest the palm, its valour overthrows

— With praise increas'd — till then the unconquer'd might,
And wages wars — the listening wives' delight. —
No boastful heralds I to Carthage send,
All hope, alas! has found a timeless end;
The vaunted fortune of my name is fled,
For Asdrubal — my Asdrubal! — is dead."
Nought baffles now the undaunted Claudian line,
Which Jove defends, with deity benign,
And prudent caution leads securely on
Through all the toils and snares in warfare known.

ODE V.

TO AUGUSTUS.

BORN with auspicious gods! — best guard of Rome!
Long absent now — too long, alas! — from home,
Return; — the sacred senate claims thy vow,
— Thy treasur'd promise of return ere now. —

Great chief, to Rome thy bright refulgence bring,
The brilliant aspect, — like the beams of spring —
Which — shed o'er Rome — illumes the cheerful day,
And bids the sun emit a clearer ray.

—As the fond mother seeks her youthful care,
With vows, and omens, and assiduous prayer,
Her boy — whom envious southern blasts detain
Beyond the waves of the Carpathian main,

—Absent twelve weary months from her embrace—
Nor from the curving shore averts her face—
Thus loyalty and love our bosoms burn,
Awaiting great Augustus' safe return.

The oxen then securely roam the field,
Ceres and Plenty their abundance yield,
The sailors on the tranquil waves rejoice,
And honour fears our Cæsar's censuring voice.

Adultery stains not the untainted line,
Custom and law to check the vice combine;
The father's features in the son we praise,
And speedy punishment the crime betrays.

Who Parthia dreads?—who frozen Scythia fears?
Who the rough offspring that Germania rears?
When Cæsar—safe—revisits Rome again,
Who fears the contest with ferocious Spain?

Each on his native hill the sunset sees,
And trains his vine along the widow'd trees ;
At home the joyous grape dispels his care,
And thou — his deity — the feast must share ;

Thine his libation pour'd — his prayer preferr'd —
Mixed with his household-gods thy name is heard.—
Thus Greece of Castor, and Alcides' sway
Was ever mindful ; — thus, oh ! thus, I pray,

Mayst thou the lengthen'd festal still command,
Excellent chieftain, through Hesperia's land !
Such, at the earliest dawn, our sober theme,
— Our revel-song, when sinks Apollo's beam.

ODE VI.

TO APOLLO.

GREAT god, whose bow, in anger strung,
Aveng'd proud Niobe's boastful tongue,
Punish'd lewd Tityus' lustful flame,
And Troy's victorious foe could tame,
Bravest of Greeks — yet less than thee,
Though Thetis own'd her progeny;
Before whose proudly-brandish'd spear
The Dardan turrets shook with fear:
He — as a pine by woodman's blow,
Or cypress laid by Eurus low —
Falls wide along the extended plain,
Whom Trojan mud and dust distain.
Not he, enclos'd with lying crowd,
In horse — to Pallas falsely vow'd —

Had Trojan's fated feast deceiv'd,
Nor Priam's dancing revels griev'd;
But, impious! — to his captives dire —
Had boldly burn'd in Grecian fire
Poor speechless babes — their fiery tomb
The expiring mothers' burning womb;
Had not the sire of gods, beguil'd
When Phœbus pray'd, and Venus smil'd,
Decreed Æneas' walls to rise
With more auspicious auguries.

Thou, parent of Thalia's sweet note,
Lyrist, whose curls on Xanthus float,
Phœbus, Agyieus, haste, — attend,
The pride of Daunia's muse defend.
Genius to me from Phœbus came,
— The poet's art — the poet's name:
Ye noble maids, and boys whose race
The blood of proudest sires may trace —

Diana's care! whose winged dart
Stays the swift lynx and flying hart,
Preserve the Lesbian numbers now,
And mark the hand's directing blow.
Now duly sing Latona's son,
Duly the silvery crescent-moon,
Propitious to the fruits of earth,
Whence rapid months derive their birth.
Shortly — when married — you will say,
Upon the annual festal-day,
" I sang the ode, by gods approv'd,
The poet Horace wrote — and lov'd! "

ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

THE snows dissolve;—fresh culture clothes the plain,
And budding foliage gems the boughs again;
Earth's varied face the changing seasons show,
And lessening streams through verdant margins flow:

With sisters twain the grace, and nymphs advance,
And — naked — dare to lead the jocund dance.
The year — the hour which steals the joyous day,
Forbids our mortal hopes too far to stray.

The zephyrs mild dispel the wintry blast;
Summer succeeds to spring; — to flit as fast,
When fruitful autumn its abundance rears;
And lo! the sluggish winter reappears!

Revolving moons their wanings still repair;
But we, alas! when once descended there,
Where good Æneas, Tullus, Ancus lie,
As dust repose — as empty shadows fly.

Who — who can tell, if heaven's supernal sway
Shall add a morrow to the passing day?
Whate'er thy fancy's frolic mood shall shape,
All shall thy heir's remorseless hands escape:

Once touch'd the confines of the dismal tomb —
Let Minos once pronounce thy awful doom —
Nor birth, Torquatus, nor thy eloquence,
Not e'en thy virtue, shall recal thee thence.

The chaste Hippolytus Diana's might
In vain would rescue from the realms of night;
While Theseus' friendly power essay'd in vain
To break Pirithous' Lethæan chain.

ODE VIII.

TO C. MARTIUS CENSORINUS.

My Censorinus, I would send
A burnish'd bowl to every friend;
Or tripod, that of valour speaks,
— The guerdon of courageous Greeks!
Nor thee the poorest gift should bless,
Did I those works of art possess,
Which from the Ephesian Scopas came,
Or boast Parrhasius' ancient name;
This, skill'd to carve the Parian stone,
That, for his mimic pencil known;
Or if the immortal gods they trace,
Or hero's scarce less godlike face.

To no such gifts my means aspire,
Nor you such rarities require;
But verse delights, and verse I sing,
And point the price of what I bring.
Not busts, by whose immortal lines
— Restor'd to life — the hero shines,
Nor Hannibal, retreating foil'd,
Whose threats upon himself recoil'd,
Not Carthage, 'mid devouring flame,
Wider extends *his* praise — *his* fame —
Surnam'd from Afric's conquer'd plain,
Than sweet Calabrian Muses' strain.
Oh! should you hush your poet's lays,
Who — who should sing your hero's praise?
Or what were Mars' and Ilia's pride,
Should silence great Quirinus hide?
Æacus, snatch'd from Stygian waves,
The poet's favouring influence saves;
And — sacred in poetic song —
He rules the blissful isles among.

The Muse forbids that man to die,
Whose praise deserves — attains the sky!
Alcides thus — his labours done —
The envied feasts of Jove has won;
Thus the twin-stars in safety keep
The shatter'd bark that sails the deep;
Thus Bacchus wreathes his vine-crown'd hair,
And perfects still his votary's prayer.

ODE IX.

TO LOLLIUS.

THINK not my lays perchance shall live no more,
Though lisp'd at first by Aufid's echoing shore;
Lays, over which the lyre's melodious string,
With art — as yet untried — would music fling.

Though first in rank Mæonian Homer's praise,
Who therefore dares contemn Pindaric lays?
The Cean Muse? — Alcæus' threatening strains? —
Or who the bold Stesichorus disdains?
Nor time can dim, nor fleeting years efface
The odes that boast Anacreon's sportive grace;
Still breathes the love — still burns the amorous fire
The Æolian maid intrusted to her lyre.
Not she alone — the beauteous Spartan dame —
Beheld the adulterer's curls with lustful flame,
The glittering vest, with gold embroidery seen,
The courtly retinue — the kingly mien.
Not Teucer bent, alone, the Cretan bow,
Nor war, once only, laid an Ilion low;
Nor has Idomeneus display'd his might,
Nor Sthenelus only won the Muse in fight;
Nor Hector, nor Deïphobus, the first
In rapid fury on the battle burst,
'Mid hottest strife still eager to secure
Their children harmless, and their spouses pure.

Before Atrides many a hero brave,
Unwept — unknown — has sought the shadowy
grave;
In dark oblivion's depths condemn'd to stray,
Since mute for him the bard's immortal lay;
For hidden valour — in unnoted tomb —
But shares of cowardice the inglorious doom.

Thy arduous deeds dark Lethe shall survive,
And thou, my Lollius, in these lines shalt live.
Thine is the mind for statesman's prudence known,
Unmov'd alike if Fortune smile or frown;
Avenging greedy fraud; — nor sway'd by gold,
Attracting all within its grasping hold:
Nor with the year thy consul's office dies,
Surviving still, while honest — virtuous — wise —
Preferring honour to the proffer'd gain,
Thou spurn'st perfidious bribes with proud disdain;
While thy pure soul, in honour's armour, glows
With virtue's triumph o'er her blushing foes.

Not the rich man, of boundless wealth possess'd,
Can justly claim the attribute of "bless'd;"
To him more truly may the name be given,
Who wisely guards the choicest gifts of heaven;
Who pinching poverty will fearless face,
And while he dreads not death, yet loathes disgrace;
Eager in honour's cause his life to end,
Prepar'd to die for country or for friend.

ODE X.

TO LIGURINUS.

RELENTLESS still — the charms of Venus thine! —
When doom'd no more in beauty's pride to shine,
When curls no longer o'er thy shoulders spread,
And from thy cheek the damask rose is fled,

Then, Ligurinus, gazing in thy glass,
—Viewing thy wizen'd face—thou'lt sigh "Alas!
Why had the boy far other thoughts than now?
Or, with my present mind, why — why this
wrinkled brow?"

ODE XI.

TO PHYLLIS.

ALBANIAN wines enrich my store,
In cask that boasts nine years and more;
And parsley in my garden grows,
To bind a wreath for Phyllis' brows.

There too the plenteous ivy twines,
With which her hair so gaily shines;
The silver goblets gleam around;
The altar, with chaste vervain bound,

Now thirsts for the empurpled flood
Of votive lambs' besprinkled blood; —
All — all is bustle, haste, and noise;
Here run the mingling girls and boys;

Now high the trembling flames are seen,
The darkening smoke ascends between.
But wouldst thou know the sweet delights,
Phyllis, to which thy bard invites?

Thou'rt ask'd to celebrate the ides,
— The day which April's month divides —
April! which sea-born Venus claims,
Devoted to voluptuous games!

This day inspires with sacred mirth,
Far more than that which gave me birth;
Since first on this auspicious morn
My own Mæcenas hail'd the dawn.

Young Telephus, pursued by thee,
— Though far above thy own degree —
A rich and wanton maid detains,
And holds him — bound in pleasing chains.

Let Phaëton — consum'd by fire —
Forbid the ambitious hope aspire;
And Pegasus, in loftiest air,
— Scorning the earth-born knight to bear —

By terrible example teach
To abstain from hopes beyond our reach;
Let these thy lofty aim reprove,
And warn thee of unequal love.

Come then — oh! come, my latest flame,
(Henceforth no other bears that name),
Let thy lov'd voice my numbers try,
Since dismal cares from music fly.

ODE XII.

TO VIRGIL.

COMRADES of spring, the gentle Thracian gales,
—Calming the waves — impel the swelling sails;
The frost deserts the plain; — and now no more
With winter's snow the swollen torrents roar.

Now builds her nest the lone — unhappy bird,
Whose wailing note is still for Itys heard;
Still the disgrace of Cecrops' house she sings,
The wicked vengeance on the lust of kings.

The shepherds now, upon the tender grass,
— With pipe and song — the joyous season pass,
Pleasing the god, whom gentle flocks delight,
Who loves the shadows of the Arcadian height.

The season, Virgil, now to thirst inclines:
But wouldst thou taste our best Calenian wines,
Thou, who with noble youths art wont to dine,
Must bring thy spikenard here to earn thy wine:

A little box of nard the barrel buys,
Which now in safe Sulpician storehouse lies;
Wine, which can all our warmest hopes improve,
And all the bitterness of care remove!

If with such joys thy willing heart complies,
Approach with speed — and bring thy merchandise! —
I can't invite thee — gratis — to the treat,
— Like a rich noble, in his well-stor'd seat.

Then banish all delay, and gain's desire,
And — mindful of the dismal funeral-pyre —
Mix follies brief with wisdom's sterner rule,
'Tis sweet — 'tis sweet at times to play the fool!

ODE XIII.

TO LYCE.

THE gods have heard me, Lyce, now:
Lyce, the gods have heard my vow:
Your time-worn beauties you display,
And impudently quaff, and play;
And tardy Cupid would engage,
With voice impair'd by drink and age.
He the melodious Chian seeks,
And perches on her dimpled cheeks;
Scorning the wither'd — sapless bough,
He starts to view that haggard brow! —
Since grizzled head, and blacken'd tooth,
— With wrinkles — mock thy would-be youth.
Nor Coan purple's graceful fall,
Nor jewels bright, those years recal,

Which winged time, in passage fast,
Has clos'd 'mid annals of the past.

Where is thy love — thy beauty flown?
That graceful bearing — all thine own? —
Where now, ah! where shall she be sought,
Whose every breath with love was fraught?
What — what of her remains to-day,
Who stole me from myself away?
Whose face — with every pleasing wile —
Yielded alone to Cinara's smile!
But fate has cut my Cinara's thread,
Though guarding Lyce's ancient head;
— Ancient as yonder veteran crow! —
That youth, with all its fervid glow,
In laughter's merry line array'd,
Might view the torch in ashes laid.

ODE XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

How shall the senate, how the people's care,
Binding with honour's wreath the laurel'd hair,
Immortalise great Cæsar's virtuous name
By festal annals, or by titled fame?
O first of chieftains, or where man resides,
Or where bright Sol his flaming chariot guides,
Vindelici have learn'd thy power in fight,
Ignorant as yet of Latin rule and might;
For thine the conquering legions Drusus led,
What time Genauni—ruthless warriors!—bled;
And Breuni swift, on Alps' tremendous brow,
Reel'd from the heights, and own'd a second blow.

Next by thine aid the elder Nero's sword
War's heaviest curse on furious Rhæti pour'd:

See where he waves his angry falchion high,
'Mid willing foes, who fall for liberty!
As Auster harasses the tameless seas,
When clouds are cleft by dancing Pleiades,
So serried ranks the Roman warrior tires,
Urging his foaming steed 'mid hostile fires;
As rolls the Algidus its roaring tide,
Whose waters through Apulian Daunia glide,
When raging, furious, to the expectant main,
He threatens deluge to the well-till'd plain,
So Claudius rush'd upon the iron bands,
— The hostile armies from barbarian lands —
Rank after rank mow'd down their firm array,
Himself unscath'd amid the ensanguin'd fray.

Thine were the troops, the counsel, and the Fates;
For on that day, when Alexandria's gates,
And courts — deserted then — were open thrown,
— 'Twas the third lustre — Fortune, all thine own,

Heap'd praise and honours on her favourite son,
When victory smil'd, and warfare's toils were done.
The Spaniard, ignorant of defeat's disgrace,
The Indian — Mede — and Scythia's vagrant race —
All to Italia's chief — admiring — come,
All hail thee guardian of imperial Rome.
The Nile, who still her secret sources hides,
The Ister, and swift Tigris' rapid tides,
The ocean — teeming with its monster store —
Whose waters wash the Briton's distant shore,
The valiant Gaul, who scorns impending Fate,
The hardy warriors of Iberia's state,
Sicambri fierce — for love of slaughter known —
All sue for peace — all venerate thy throne.

ODE XV.

THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS.

ATTUNING my adventurous string,
Of wars, and conquer'd towns to sing,
Phœbus, to check the vain desire,
With startling crash awoke the lyre,

And warn'd my bark, with tiny sail,
To shun the rude Etrurian gale.
Thy age, Augustus, kindly yields
Abundant harvests to our fields;

And standards, which the Parthians bore,
Their boastful shrines to Jove restore;
Janus may now his temple close,
Which under great Quirinus rose:

No more licentious flames are spread,
But discipline prevails instead ;
Crimes now no more our age disgrace,
But ancient arts resume their place ;

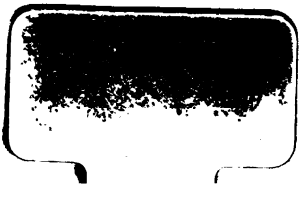
Those arts, by which the Latin name,
Italia's strength — Italia's fame!
And Rome's majestic rule increas'd,
To Hesper from the dawning East.

While Cæsar reigns, nor civil strife,
Nor warfare mars our peaceful life ;
Nor rage, which forg'd the warrior's sword,
And discord on the nations pour'd.

They, who the Danube's margin press,
The Julian laws no more transgress —
Nor Getæ — Seres — faithless Perse —
Nor whom swift Tanais' waters nurse.

On festive morns, and every day,
Let us — with sportive Bacchus gay —
Our consorts and our children nigh,
— Appeasing first the deity —

Mingle with Lydian pipe our lays,
And chant our valiant leaders' praise,
Anchises old — Troy, now no more —
And whom the gentle Venus bore.

THE END.

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